

THE WORLD'S MOST VIOLENT MAGAZINE!

THE

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SPLATTER

TIMES

No. 4 Summer 1964

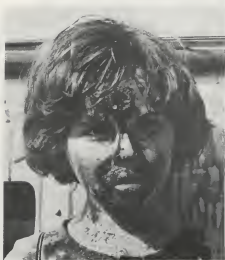
"A decidedly unsavory publication"



FALL BREAK



"PRISON SHIP"



(Upper left) An underage ghoul is blown away in **NIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES**. (Upper right) Italian gore from Lucio Fulci's upcoming **EYE OF THE EVIL DEAD** (released in Europe as

MANHATTAN BABY). (Lower left) Samurai zombies from a recent Paul Naschy film, unreleased in the U.S. (lower right) Oriental violence from **REVENGE OF THE ZOMBIES**.

A Piece of My Mind

First the obvious. Yes, the tabloid format of the first three issues has been abandoned in favor of a more conventional magazine page size. Actually, only a handful of readers have complained about this publication having the appearance of a grocery store rag, but it's been a different story with some book stores and distributors. The last straw came when a Nashville comics store told me they were refusing to carry us any more till I changed to magazine format. It seems those big tabloid pages were "flopping all over the place." Nobody wants to hear their "zine accused of "flopping" on somebody's shelves, so a change was obviously called for.

As promised, this issue has "Sadism in Cinema," the second part of the Fred Olen Ray Interview, and plenty more like Gary William's look at the real story of how SNUFF came together, plus two interviews I did with actresses Lynn Lowry and Mary Woronov for Bill George's forthcoming book "Eroticism in the Horror Film." Bill expects the book to be out this summer from Imagine, Inc. (the same publisher that did Tom Savini's "Grand Illusions" book) and it'll feature interviews with Joe Dante, Bobbie Bresee, Barbara Steele, John Waters, Caroline Munro, and many others.

A special thanks for helping with this issue goes to Tim Ferrante, who wrote something like half of all the movie reviews this time out. Since he lives in New York, Tim has access to quite a few titles that never make it down South where I find myself stuck. Also, Tim has — not one — but two articles planned for upcoming issues of Fangoria.

While I'm thanking people, I'm also grateful to Fangoria's David Sherman for the great review he gave us in the NIGHTMARE LIBRARY section of no.



Your editor.

35. My favorite line was where he said The Splatter Times is "the only publication that comes close to making Fangoria look tasteful and restrained." Rest assured, those words have inspired me to be even less tasteful in the issues to come!

Aside from the interviews I've done

for this issue, my regular job as a newspaper reporter gave me the chance recently to join other political writers and pop questions to Walter Mondale during a Tennessee campaign stop. Unfortunately, since his comments failed to touch on the status of the exploitation film industry, you won't find them reprinted in this issue.

I've also recently been on the set of the new John Carpenter film, preparing a behind-the-scenes story for Fantastic Films magazine. However, since the title of this one is "Starman" and the producers' descriptions of it range from a "romantic adventure" to "an adult E.T.," I assume our readers would prefer I not waste any more space discussing it in The Splatter Times. (But even if there's no gore in the movie, the rib roast I had when I ate supper when the crew was the bloodiest piece of meat I've come across. To call it "rare" would be an understatement!)

It seems a little useless to be making 'best film' lists for 1983 this late in the year, but since this is our first issue since November I might as well. My picks are TALES OF ORDINARY MADNESS, POSSESSION, 7 DOORS OF DEATH, VIDEOCRIME, GATES OF HELL, EVIL DEAD, AND THE HUNGER. So far, 1984 isn't shaping up to be quite as choice a year, but at least Fulci's HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY and Argento's TENEBRAE provide something to look forward to. As usual for me, Italy has all the best movies (& I haven't even mentioned the new Fellini or Ferreri pic, which haven't been my way yet.)

But I'd better cut off the small talk and proceed with our main attractions. And remember, if this issue doesn't disturb, nauseate, or offend you — please let me know.

I'll make sure the next one does.

THE SPLATTER TIMES EDITOR/PUBLISHER DONALD FARMER

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Norhal, and Zaso Films. Thanks to Buddy Cooper, Richard Haines, Lynn Lowry, Fred Olen Ray, and Mary Woronov. Back issues of no. 1, 2, and 3 are available for \$2 each for U.S. and Canadian residents, \$3 for overseas. Four-issue subscriptions are \$7 for U.S. and Canada, \$11 for overseas. Contributions are welcomed, but we advise that the subject of proposed articles or reviews be discussed beforehand with the editor. Correspondences may also be mailed to: Donald Farmer, 154 Big Spring Cir., Cookeville Tenn. 38501.

COVER: Aldo Ray from Fred Olen Ray's upcoming PRISON SHIP. Also (upper left) a victim from SPLATTER UNIVERSITY and (lower left) mayhem from Buddy Cooper's North Carolina-made FALL BREAK.

FUAD RAMSES CATERS AGAIN!

Although Herschel Gordon Lewis has been comfortably settled in Southern Florida for several years now, Eric Caiden is certainly doing his part to make Los Angeles 'the' place to be for Lewis devotees.

Caiden, whose Epics International company controls world rights to many of the best-known Lewis films, tells us that, "Friday the 13th, 1984 marked the debut midnight screening of BLOOD FEAST at the Four Star Theatre in Los Angeles, also featuring a live 'Slice 'em and Dice 'em' show presented by Fuad

Ramses, Jr."

In presenting this all-time splatter epic on the big screen once more, Caiden says, "There is a desire for BLOOD FEAST to emerge as the ROCKY HORROR cult film of 1984. BLOOD FEAST will be shown every Friday and will be accompanied by specially selected unusual shorts and a different live stage show each week. Elaborate stage props will be used to full advantage, encouraging the participation of the house audience.

"Plans are in the works for virgin

sacrifices, screaming contests, dismembering the projectionist and theatre attendees, and giveaways including eyeballs, BLOOD FEAST LPs, T-shirts, and other surprises."

And about that BLOOD FEAST LP — it was jointly released by Epics International and Rhino Records under the title "The Amazing Film Scores of Herschel Gordon Lewis," and includes musical highlights from both BLOOD FEAST and 2,000 MANIACS. To celebrate the album's release, Caiden says that Epics and Rhino "screened beautiful new 35 mm prints" of both films at the Four Star Theatre recently. The showings were complimented by "a special Blood Feast eating contest, and the winner guaranteed a part as the lead zombie in BLOOD FEAST 2. Posters, photos and soundtrack albums were given out to those in attendance."

As if all this weren't enough, Epics International took things to their logical conclusion in late spring and declared it "Herschel Gordon Lewis Day — a tribute to the gore master."

Caiden's Hollywood Book and Poster Co. was the setting as video screenings of BLOOD FEAST, GORE GORE GIRLS, and SCUM OF THE EARTH offered for attendees. Among the special guests on hand was Alex Ameripoor, H.G.'s cameraman from the mid and late 60's on HOW TO MAKE A DOLL, JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT, and many more. Also enjoying "Herschel Gordon Lewis Day" was Andy Romanoff, the assistant film editor on BLOOD FEAST.

Caiden concludes, "The highlight of the day was a phone call to HGL in Florida."

SPLATTER UNIVERSITY

Back in 1982, the folks at New York's Troma Films turned Joel M. Reed's BLOODSUCKING FREAKS into a cult hit that continues to play successful midnight showings. Now Troma is back with a new gore-laden effort, and the title makes it a natural for interest by our readers — SPLATTER UNIVERSITY (or SPLATTER U for short).

Producer/Director Richard Haines makes his directing debut here, but he's already compiled an impressive list of credits — as a sound editor for MOTHER'S DAY and MAD MAN and an editor

Herschell Gordon Lewis' Camp Horror Classic

BLOOD FEAST

Back by Popular Demand!

- Fuad Ramses Jr. and his Slice 'em Dice 'em show, Live!!
- "The Greatest Living Director Today" (H.G.L.)—John Waters
- "Favorite Mealtime Movie"—Stephen King
- "Still the sickest film I've ever seen"—Kevin Thomas



TONITE!

- Free Eyeballs to the First 130 People!
- Bloodfeast Eating Contest!
- Giveaways!

Four Star Theatre
5112 Wilshire Blvd., 936-3533



An Epics International presentation. Soundtrack on Rhino Records.



on recent Troma hits like *WAITRESS*, *STUCK ON YOU*, *THE FIRST TURN-ON*, and the company's upcoming *THE TOXIC AVENGER*.

Filmed as an independent production, *SPLATTER U* was shot at several New York state colleges which collectively represent the film's fictional university. Haines says that shooting was completed in three weeks "for under a million dollars," then the picture was offered to Troma for domestic distribution. It was an offer they couldn't refuse once they'd seen the non-stop barrage of gore highlights served up by Haines and a make-up effects crew led by Ralph Cordero (whose work will also be seen in *THE TOXIC AVENGER*).

In Haines' words, *SPLATTER U* is "very gruesome — It starts off with a man getting stabbed in the groin, the a woman is stabbed in the breast... a woman goes to the bathroom and gets her stomach ripped out. It's a fun, popcorn kind of movie."

Haines also promises a "bizarre, tongue-in-cheek ending." For those wondering just 'how' bizarre, he suggests, "The best thing to do is go see it."

The film is receiving a regional release, so be on the lookout when it comes your way! In the meantime, Haines is planning another horror film for those who haven't had enough after enrolling in *SPLATTER UNIVERSITY*.

D.F.



The body count piles up Troma's *SPLATTER UNIVERSITY*.



THE FILMS OF FRED OLEN RAY — (Upper left) a beheading in **SCALPS**, (Upper right) Fred poses on the set of **BIOHAZARD** with a random corpse, (bottom) the girls of **PRISON SHIP**.

Interview: Fred Olen Ray

In part one of our Fred Olen Ray Interview last issue, Fred talked about his current film *SCALPS* and the forthcoming *BIOHAZARD*. As part two of our conversation begins, he discusses the 3-D process used for *ROTWEILER*, which he contributed make-up effects to:

FRED OLEN RAY — I talked to the people at Universal when they were going to do *JAWS III* and I took a print of *ROTWEILER* over there and screened it for them. That was the only time I saw *ROTWEILER*, but the 3-D was excellent — it was the best I've ever seen bar none.

Donald Farmer — Is it still going to open?

FR — Well, I don't know. They send me a one-sheet and it's not really great looking.

DF — 60 MINUTES did a show on Owensby with some scenes on the making of *ROTWEILER*. Were you around when they did that?

FR — No, we did all our stuff here. It was too tame, I guess. Not enough bloodshed and the dogs were so damned dangerous. You know, they had to put a sheet of glass between them and the camera. It was just so much trouble. They were trying to look around here for dogs to rent, and I said, "Why don't we just make a dog. Then you can bite these girls all you want?" And they sort of went for that because everybody's pretty scared of those dogs, so we went ahead. It was a real fast job — we had like three days to do it, and we went out on a couple of different occasions and shot insert shots of these dogs biting girls' hands and feet and things like that.

DF — Do you think his (Owensby's) movies would get wider play if he would stay behind the scenes and quit acting in all of them?

FR — Yeah, as an actor he doesn't do anything for me. I like the idea of the movie but people are very particular. You wonder how something like *SCALPS* will get a big payoff. If I had to say which one I liked better, I'd probably say *ALIEN DEAD* better than *SCALPS* just because of all the trouble it became... it (*SCALPS*) was a film with a lot of problems. It was a situation where I didn't want to edit it. When the film was over I want to get on and do some other things. I just told them, "I don't want to edit this film." I had to go in and cut one scene, otherwise John Barr edited *SCALPS*.

DF — Was *FRIDAY THE 13th* — *PART THREE* in a similar 3-D process as *ROTWEILER*?

FR — No, for some reason there was a big dispute, threatened lawsuits and all kinds of things. Paramount pulled a lot of dirty deals to make that picture and they blackmailed people to let them have their next picture if they didn't use their projection system. Stereovision was suing them for triple damages, like a

\$300,000 lawsuit. There was a lot of unhappiness among the people in the 3-D world over that particular film. I think it was all justified because I saw it — I waited till it came around a second or third time before I could bring myself to go see it. It looked real unpleasant to me — the 3-D wasn't very good. Stereovision — not because I worked there — but it's my feeling they have the best system I've seen. And if you see *JAWS 3-D*, it's very plain that *STEREOVISION* is best — it's very plain there were several cameras used on that film. It's sharper, crisper, better contrast.

DF — Do you still do any make-up. You'd said that on *SCALPS* you farmed most of it out to other make-up artists?

FR — Generally do. They finally started shooting *JANE* and I had to make gorilla suits. I farmed most of that out. I did the hair work myself.

DF — Who's doing that one?

FR — It's Ken Hartford doing it.

DF — Is it a spoof?

FR — No, no, he's real serious about it. He made another one they just finished up called *HELL SQUAD*. That used to be called *COMMANDO GIRLS*. They called it almost four or five different things. But it (*JANE*) is a female Tarzan type of thing. Cannon is backing it and I did some gorilla suits. I actually had two female jungle movies to do. One was called *QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE*, and the gorilla suits were actually made for *QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE*, but I think they decided 'not' to make that one, so they incorporated the gorillas into *JANE*.

DF — Is that *SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE*?

FR — No, at first they called it *MISTRESS OF THE APES*, and then I called Larry Buchanan and I think he called them, and then they changed it to *QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE*. I didn't have the heart to tell them there was a serial or something called that. I just let 'em go. I figured nobody would bother them.

DF — Is Larry Buchanan still doing anything?

FR — Yeah, yeah, he's around. And Ted Mikels... they're still at it.

DF — What's Larry Buchanan doing?

FR — Without giving any of his secrets away, I'd say he's doing a film on Jim Morrison and Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin.

DF — For TV?

FR — No, theatrical as far as I know. He had a picture come out recently called *THE LOCH NESS HORROR* (a review appears elsewhere in this issue, D.F.) but you don't hear much about it. It was too tame, I guess.

DF — I guess his reputation's from all the AIP TV movies he used to make.

FR — I don't know. He would rather have people remember him for *PRETTY BOY FLOYD*.

DF — With Martin Sheen?

FR — I don't know. Wasn't that with Fabian?

DF — Oh, that was *A BULLET FOR PRETTY BOY*. That was the one Fabian did for AIP in 1970.

FR — That's it, that's the one. He did one about Hughs and Harlow, *ANGELS IN HELL*, and he did *GOODBYE NORMA JEAN* with Misty Rowe playing Marilyn Monroe. And he did *MISTRESS OF THE APES*, which 'he' says is the first film to employ Rob Bottin and Greg Cannon as make-up men. And Debra Hill was his gofer on *GOODBYE NORMA JEAN*. She'd never worked on a film before and she came begging for a job. He paid \$50 bucks a week.

DF — I'm glad to hear he's still around.

FR — He's still around. Ted Mikels, too. I do some work for Ted occasionally on the new film he's been struggling along with.

DF — What's it?

FR — *OPERATION OVERKILL*. And I like Ted. Ted's a hell of a nice guy. He is one of the few people in this business who is really, genuinely nice. I've never seen him blow up. I've never seen Ted have a cross word to say to anybody.

DF — Is Bill Greife still around — the guy who did *RACING FEVER*?

FR — Bill Greife was here last week. I talked to him down on Sunset. He was casting for a new picture.

DF — Was it?

FR — I don't know. I didn't ask. He wanted to sell *DEATH CURSE OF TARTU* and I had some people who were interested in buying it. We were going around and around about what he'd sell the negative for, and I happened to ask him what he was doing out here... he hadn't made a feature since *WHISKEY MOUNTAIN* in 1978 or '79... somewhere in there.

(Conversation turns to make-up effects man Doug (FLESH FEAST) Hobart, D.F.)

FR — Doug is my mentor, I owe it all to him. Everything that I've accomplished I owe to that man. He did *FIREBALL JUNGLE*; *DEATH CURSE OF TARTU*; *STING OF DEATH*; *SCREAM, BABY, SCREAM*... he did *IMPULSE*.

DF — *IMPULSE* had William Shatner.

FR — Right. He (Hobart) was the associate producer of that and he was make-up artist and I think he was also a corpse in a funeral home. He's done a lot of pictures. *THE NIGHT DANIEL DIED*, that's the last one he did. That was a hell of a movie but nobody's ever seen it. It was one of those little Florida films, made in Florida. As a young man I met him and, I used to put out a fanzine and I interviewed him. Bill Greife set me on to him years ago and the guy was just so nice. He got me my job on *SHOCK WAVES*, which started the ball rolling. He's done a lot of things for me.

(Tape ends, on side two Fred continues discussing low budget filmmakers, D.F.)

FR — People like that have a daring pioneer spirit that I really admire. I can really appreciate what they've done and they're a constant inspiration to me. When I was younger,



Directed by Fred Olen Ray
Produced by T. L. Lankford

SHOCK WAVES

starring **Peter Cushing**
and **John Carradine**
in **COLOR**

schlock films got no attention from me, I liked the real classic stuff. And as I got older I came to appreciate the real ultra-low budget films because these people were forced to try to make do with nothing. I just find those much more interesting today than I do Hammer films. I still watch them occasionally.

DF — I guess I've seen all the Hammer's so many times that they're sort of boring.

FR — That's it. And these low-budget people, some of them never made a film before in their lives. They usually come up with some really way out concepts and stuff. They're very entertaining on their own level. None of us set out to actually make a bad movie... they just sort of turn out that way.

DF — Is it getting easier for you to raise money when you start a movie or is it still an ordeal?

FR — Well, it's not the same ordeal it used to be. **ALIEN DEAD** was pretty easy because I happened to meet a guy who had produced a movie called **I DRINK YOUR BLOOD**, and he was retired. In town. I went out and shot \$40 worth of film and I showed him the footage, unedited, and he put up most of the money to make the film.

DF — That's great.

FR — That was too easy, really. **SCALPS** was a situation where I had a friend out here who said he could raise the money and he was the producer. His name is Lee Lankford. And he's gone to really big things. I mean, overnight. He's really moved up the ladder, he's got a movie he's producing now called **WILD THINGS**. He's doing that for Leonard Shapiro, and it's a pretty big budget film. So, it does work that way.

(Some small talk, and we begin discussing mainstream genre films. D.F.).

FR — I find it harder and harder to find something that I'm interested enough to go see. I liked **DEADLY EYES**. I got a real hot out of that. I liked **METALSTORM**. ... not a lot, but it had elements in it that I liked. I would like to see **FRANKENSTEIN ISLAND** — the return of Jerry Warren! He's another of those guys I'd like to talk to.

DF — That played here. We seem to be blessed as far as having every low budget thing you can imagine getting thrown at our drive-ins.

FR — Well, see, that's how it was in Florida. You could go and there's be five films at a drive-in. And here in California you can't get that stuff. All the drive-ins are playing first run movies. I saw a film in Florida that, to this day, it's questioned whether it was ever made and they say it never played theatrically, and of course I saw it in a theatre. It was called **BLOOD OF THE MAN-DEVIL**, with Lon Chaney, Jr. and John Carradine in it. I wrote a review for **Cinefantastique**. They printed it in their **BOY AND HIS DOG** issue. But even to

this day people say they don't think it was released theatrically.

(The above interview was conducted in October of last year as work on issue No. 3 was winding down. For an update on **BIOHAZARD** and Fred's other projects, I called him back six months later and learned that he'd been involved in a flurry of activity since our first conversation. **SCALPS** had been placed in nationwide release by 21st Century, shooting was nearly concluded on **BIOHAZARD**, he'd begun filming a new picture called **PRISON SHIP**, and was already planning still another film called **DARK UNIVERSE**. But then, you'll learn all this and more when you read the following. D.F.)

FR — I've been filming the first stages of a new feature. In fact, I just finished last night. I'm not going to film anything for the next couple of weeks because Thursday I'm going to Florida on vacation and when I come back I'm going to give myself about a week prep time and then I'm going to get into finishing **BIOHAZARD**. I shot about ten minutes of another movie over the last couple of days.

DF — What's the title of that one?

FR — Well, right now the lab title is **ROCKET BLAST**, but it's called **PRISON SHIP** and it's women in prison in space.

DF — That's a good idea.

FR — Yes, everybody has it. I'm about the third or fourth person who's planning something like this.

DF — There hasn't been one like it released yet, though.

FR — No, I think I'm the first one to roll film, actually.

DF — It's sort of combine **BIG DOLL HOUSE** and **FORBIDDEN WORLD**?

FR — That's the idea... yeah. I went down and I rented Roger Corman's studio for about a week.

DF — New Horizons?

FR — Yeah, and I was there till about 2 a.m. last night. I let Don Jackson use the stage for about half a day for part of a feature he's doing now. I got to the point where there just wasn't anything else I could film there so he wanted to come in and use the stage since it was already paid for, and he tried to duplicate a beach for something called **VAMPIRE HUNTER**. He's using some of the similar cast members and crew members that I'm using. But I filmed down there for about a week and shot some **BIOHAZARD** and stuff there, and then I used the sets from **SPACE RAIDERS** and **THE LOST EMPIRE** and I gutted some **GALAXY OF TERROR** costumes and some of the costumes from **METALSTORM**. I just went around town and I gathered up garbage from every movie that's been made for awhile (laughs). Aldo Ray was in **BIOHAZARD**, so I brought him in for an extra day on **PRISON SHIP**. We had part of his face blasted away and he wore one of the **METALSTORM** suits.

DF — So that's the title now... **PRISON SHIP**?

FR — Yes,

DF — That'll be better than the one I see Jack Hill's doing... that one about women in prison on a train.

FR — Well, I think Jim Wynorski's doing one about women in prison on an air planet. Mary Ann Fisher was planning that same idea, also. They were going to call theirs **PRISON PLANET** or something. If they actually beat me to the draw, I'll probably change the title to **GALAXY IN CHAINS**. Someone made a film called **STAR PRISON**. That's the first of his kind.

DF — Wynorski's finished his **LOST EMPIRE** hasn't he?

FR — It's been done for — not a year — but quite a while.

DF — He's got your **BIOHAZARD** actress, Angelique Pettyjohn, in it.

FR — She's got about five lines of dialogue. She wrestles a girl in the mud in a black leather outfit. At the same time she started **BIOHAZARD** she was filming that also.

DF — Is she still in her 30's?

FR — No, she turned 40 about a week ago. She still looks great. I saw her last week. She worked for us on **BIOHAZARD**.

DF — Is Martin Landu in that one, too?

FR — He was in it, or was going to be in it, and 21st Century wouldn't pay his fee. I told them I needed 'X' amount of dollars more than they wanted to give me to put him in it, because he'd agreed to do it and we had the price worked out.

DF — He's in a new one from Bill Osco called **THE BEING**.

FR — That's real odd, though. That was filmed before **GALAXY OF TERROR**.

DF — It's just now coming out around here.

FR — Right, well it just came out here. It was so bad and it was called **EASTER SUNDAY**. Bill Osco is the star, he calls himself Rex Cole-train, and the female lead is Kenny Rogers' wife.

DF — Yeah, Marianne Gordon Rogers. And it's got Ruth Buzzi... Dorothy Malone...

FR — Murray Langston. The **Unknown Comic**. All those guys are friends of Osco and his wife, Jackie Kong. He (Osco) is doing one now called **THE UNKNOWN COMIC**. She (Kong) called me about a month ago. She wanted the artist who's doing the **DINOSAUR GIRL** poster art for me (This is another project Fred is planning. D.F.) to do some artwork for their new movie, so I turned them on to the guy who's my artist.

DF — Will 21st Century definitely be releasing



BIOHAZARD?

FR — Yeah, right. That's where I got the money from. BIOHAZARD is much better looking (than SCALPS). It's not as good a script maybe as SCALPS — dialogue and things like that. The story is standard, but it's a better looking film. The actors are better, lighting's better, camera work's better, maybe direction's better.

DF — You've got a good looking monster suit in it.

FR — No, actually it isn't really.

DF — It looks good in photos.

FR — Yeah, well, always show the good photos. A lot of people looked at the monster. We showed it to Motion Picture Marketing. We showed it to Film Ventures — people like that — and they just didn't care for the monster at all.

DF — Well, it looks a lot better than that monster in THE HEING — that was pitiful.

FR — Well, that was terrible. That was done by the guy who did GALAXY OF TERROR.

DF — GALAXY OF TERROR was pretty good except for the big monster in it.

FR — Yeah, you know, I was approached at one time to do that.

DF — The glass going up Sid Hag's arm was a good effect.

FR — That was.

DF — It looks like John Boechler who did those effects for FORBIDDEN WORLD has made some kind of partnership with the Charles Band group, 'cause he's doing effects on two new movies of theirs.

FR — Well, you know what his deal was? John Boechler is one of those guys who would do anything to direct. That's all he talks about — "I want to direct, I want to direct." He shot a little thing called TRAGIC MAGIC in 16mm and showed it to Roger (Corman). He just kept hanging out doing those cheap shit movies for Roger and figured that Roger would discover his talent one of these days, and he (Corman) never really did. So what happened is (Charles) Band did a thing and he let these people direct little segments.

DF — Oh, that's RAGEWAR.

FR — Right, a multi-story thing. And the trade-off is that these guys turn around and probably do make-up and stop-motion effects for his other movies at like a ridiculous rate. So then after Boechler did his little stint in RAGEWAR, of course, he comes out and does the GHOULIES puppets. The GHOULIES puppets don't even have glass eyes — he just painted them right on. And the whole thing's real strange. The crew tried to destroy the sets at one point because I heard everybody's checks bounced. Charles Band hired armed guards to guard Roger's studio. He rented some of Roger's studio and then bounced a check on Roger, which is the last thing you even want to do around here. But anyway, he hired an armed guard to protect his sets because the art department had been like fronting a lot for Band when he didn't have money, and then all of a sudden all their checks bounced, and the art department and the crew was outside — they wanted to

break in and trash the sets! And Tom (Campbell) just went to this guard and said, "Look, everybody else's checks bounced. Before you go get yourself killed, I'd make sure your check didn't bounce, too." At least that's how some tell it.

DF — So PRISON SHIP and BIOHAZARD would be billed as Viking Film Productions and released by 21st Century?

FR — That's the idea. They're making the offer to put up the budget, and they're going to attempt to promote it at Cannes.

(Tape ends. On the next side Fred says that the only time in the movie the term "Biohazard" is mentioned is during a scene where a corpse is discovered and he and director Don Jackson do cameo roles playing two paramedics. Don shouts to Fred, "Don't touch it — biohazard!")

FR — We used the space ship set from SPACE RAIDERS — one of the space ship cockpits for our laboratory in BIOHAZARD, and we also

redressed it and used it as a space ship for PRISON SHIP. We brought different guards in. Like I said, we used costumes from BATTLE and from GALAXY OF TERROR, and we used different masks and make-up and stuff by Joe Reader and Jon McCallum.

DF — Is Aldo Ray going to get top billing since Landau's out?

DF — Is Aldo also in DUNE?

FR — He 'was' in DUNE. I think he had problems on the set or something and got let go. But he didn't like working for them. He said it reminded him of working for John Wayne.

DF — What kind of facial make-up does he have in PRISON SHIP?

FR — About half of his face is blasted away. His eye is hanging out. His face is real scarred, 'cause a girl shoved a torch in his face at the beginning of the movie. The leading girl, Sandi Brooke, she looked a lot like Sybil Danning when I saw her. It's real strange, because she was Sybil Danning's stand-in in BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS.



ANGELIQUE PETTYJOHN

DF — You could probably get Dawn Dunlap from **FORBIDDEN WORLD** pretty cheap.

FR — Dawn Dunlap, yeah, she was in something recently called **HEARTBREAKER** — second billed. She was the female lead, but I haven't seen it. I don't know who I've run into since I talked to you last. I saw Larry Bach-

nan again. He brought some film in for us to work on. You know when I was at the Film Market I ran into this French company. I tried to get some materials from them. They had that **ZOMBIE LAKE**, **OASIS OF THE LIVING DEAD**. There's this girl in the sand and these Nazi zombies are grabbing her from under the

sand.

DF — There's a lot of good foreign stuff that hasn't been picked up for U.S. release.

FR — Right, well I wanted to look at them and they told me that somebody had just bought them for U.S. cable, cassette, or something. (Some more small talk, then subject turns back to **PRISON SHIP**. D.F.)

FR — The girl who plays the warden (Maraya Gant) in **PRISON SHIP** was Ernest Borgnine's daughter in **THE DEVIL'S RAIN**. She looks like Barbara Steele. We put her in like a leather jumpsuit. She has a Gostapo-like hat and she's sitting in this giant throne from **THE LOST EMPIRE** with these spiked things over her and fog coming up from behind — it's really quite effective looking.

looking.

DF — Speaking of prison movies, I see that **ILSA IV** is being made.

FR — Dyanne Throne has already done an Ilsa movie. She's in Vegas — she took Angelique's place in that vaudeville show. That paper **The Hollywood News** like Dyanne Throne — her picture's always in there. She's at the race track awarding trophies and stuff (laughs). Angelique knows her but she wouldn't give me her number. She keeps saying, "Well, she's much older than me."

DF — Do you know what the title of Wynorski's prison film is?

FR — I think he's calling it **PRISON PLANET**. If he goes ahead and does that we might change our title to **GALAXY IN CHAINS**. We'll use one or the other. Somebody wanted us to call it **STAR SLUTS** because we use that term. It's real camped up — all the dialogue is. Aldo's got this girl in this weird torture device. He's working this console and really doing the old mustache twisting/villain type thing, and the girl comes in and has a gun on him and says, "It's about time somebody swept the garbage out of this galaxy!" You know, it's all that kind of dialogue. They're shipping guns out of people's hands and crazy stuff like you used to see in the serials. Now that I'm telling you this, I just remembered that I forgot to take a shot of this gun sliding across the floor when they whipped it out of her hand. Now I'm in trouble. (laughs).

DF — When you edit it you won't have the continuity?

FR — Well, see I have the whole picture to shoot anyway — all I've got to do is make a note. I'm not going to show the whole thing in continuity as a promo — the promo is just going to be a fast moving trailer, but because I probably won't be able to go back and get the same sets again. I had to film the complete sequences while I was there.

DF — How long do you think it will take to finish it up?

FR — Well, I can't even start on it till I get **BIOHAZARD** finished. We finish filming it in May, so if they gave me the money, the very earliest I'd go is early July. I'm going to try to rent out Roger's studio because he's got so much space hardware in the side lot.

DF — Is he still using that place himself?

FR — Yeah. **GHOULIES** filmed over there.

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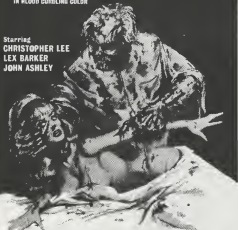
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-AND-

BLOOD DEMON

IN BLOOD CURDLING COLOR

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The **DEAD RETURN TO LIFE—**
LIVING AND LUSTING for BIZARRE PLEASURES!

BIOHAZARD star Angelique Petty-
hohn is known for low-budget favor-

ites like **MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD**
ISLAND.

He's got several stages at the lumberyard — that's what it is, it's a lumberyard. He and Mary Ann Fisher have been over on the other set to shoot some stuff, and the GHOULIES basement set is still set up over there. He's been doing a little bit of directing on KAIN OF THE DARK PLANET (Now retitled THE WARRIOR AND THE SORCERESS, D.F.). DF — Finally, what do you plan to do after PRISON SHIP?

FR — Our next project will most likely be DARK UNIVERSE, a MOST DANGEROUS GAME type of sci-fi film that Klaus Kinski would be great in.

A TOP SECRET EXPERIMENT
RESULTS IN AN ALIEN
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BIO HAZARD

As for magazine coverage of horror/exploitation films, you don't know what you're missing if you're limiting yourself only to American publications. For example, France has three fine publications which can be enjoyed for their visuals even if you don't speak a word of the language. I'm kind of partial to L'Ecran Fantastique since I'm one of its U.S. correspondents, but one look should convince you that L'Ecran is probably the finest genre magazine in the world. Coming out 12 times a year, each issue is between 80 and 100 pages jammed with tiny print and an avalanche of color photos — all printed on slick, high-quality paper. For information, write to: Media Presse Edition, 52, Champs Elysees, 75008 Paris.

Two other great French magazines are Mad Movies, a quarterly with 68 pages in a typical issue and lots of color photos (49, Rue de la Rochefoucauld, 75009 Paris) and Nostalgie, a smaller format, mostly black-and-white 'zine which still provides plenty of exclusive info on directors like H.G. Lewis and Pete Walker (21 Rue Souffle, 93000 St Ouen, France).

Finally, if the idea of trying to decipher all these French magazines has your head spinning, maybe you should try England's newly revived Halls of Horror, which is back in business after a seven year absence. Halls was formerly distributed in the U.S. during the late '70's, but the only way I know to get it now is by writing Quality Communications, 3 Lewisham Way, London SE14, 4pp England. For a sample copy of any of the above magazine, I'd recommend sending an international money order for \$4 or \$5 to cover the international postage.

SNUFF

By GARY WILLIAMS

Few films in the past 30 years have generated as much controversy as the infamous SNUFF, while simultaneously creating such a legend of misinformation about the actual making of the film. Not only the origins of the film but also the names and background of its makers remain shrouded in obscurity.

SNUFF's conception owes everything to Charlie Manson and his merry gang of killers. Sometime between 1970 and 1973 (dates conflict as to the actual filming of the film which was to become SNUFF) two New York based porno filmmakers, Michael and Roberta Findlay, leased a violent sex horror movie in Argentina which was based on the Manson murders. Reasons conflict as to why the project was made in Argentina. In some interviews Roberta Findlay has stated it was made there to cut costs, while at other times she has said the financial backers of the film wanted it made there.

The original title of this project was THE SLAUGHTER. Michael Findlay was director while Roberta acted as camera person. Most of the cast seems to have been locals with Michael Findlay making an onscreen appearance as an inspector sitting at a desk and Roberta Findlay's voice being used for one of the female members of the Manson-like gang. The gang leader is called Satan and leads his followers in a massacre of Germans who have been supplying arms to the Arab nations. Roberta Findlay has also mentioned that the main female lead was a woman who had been a recent Miss World and was obtained for the film by its production manager.

Apparently THE SLAUGHTER was shot in four weeks on a minuscule budget of \$35,000. Roberta Findlay has commented that they could have shot the film in New York City in less than half that time. Having co-produced the film with Jack Bravman, Michael Findlay attempted to arrange a distribution deal with Joe Solomon of Fanfare Films. Solomon opted out when the film was threatened with an X rating by the M.P.A.A. in the United States. After the ratings problem, the film languished on the shelf undistributed until 1975. Enter New York City fringe film distributor Allan Shackleton and his Monarch Releasing company.

Shackleton had in the past had some association with the Findlays, and through their contacts an opportunity to screen THE SLAUGHTER. Like other distributors, he has passed on handling the film. One event in 1975

changed his mind. A New York City police officer gave an interview to the press in which he stated his opinion that films were being made in Latin America which featured real killings, and he further dubbed these films "snuff" movies since people were actually "snuffed" out in them. One must keep in mind that no such films were ever confiscated by U.S. customs, nor to this date has any film in the U.S. (or for that matter any other country) been prosecuted for depicting any actual killing. The only films which 'have' shown such footage are Italian MONDO CANE-type shockumentaries such as AFRICA ADDIO or SAVAGE MAN, SAVAGE BEAST.

Allan Shackleton hit upon the idea which was to be the apex of his brief career in film distribution. Shackleton, without even owning the legal rights, took the Findlays THE SLAUGHTER and had an extra four minutes of added footage tacked on to the end of the film. This footage was directed in New York City by hard-core director Carter Stevens, who has done fantasy-action porno such as ROLLER BABIES. Stevens has been quite open in interviews in admitting his part in the great SNUFF hoax. In one interview he was asked about how the footage was shot. Stevens answered by describing the dummy which was used and explaining how animal entrails were purchased from a local slaughterhouse for use in the scene where the actress was supposed to be disemboweled.

Shackleton was now ready to unveil his brainstrom. Bookings were arranged at the National Theatre in New York City after the film had already had some limited playdates in late 1975. The film was of course retitled SNUFF, and no credits were provided with the advertising for the film. Advertising tag lines ran, "The bloodiest thing that ever happened in front of a camera!!" . . . "The film that could only be made in South America . . . where life is CHEAP!" Just in case this wasn't enough, Shackleton hired women pickets to stage a demonstration in front of the theatre where SNUFF opened. After colossal media coverage, real women's groups took over and did stage rallies and demonstrations wherever SNUFF played. The initial publicity helped the film to solidly above average grosses. Weekly Variety, the major motion picture trade publication, was the first to reveal the scam and report that the bulk of the film was the Findlay's THE SLAUGHTER.

Michael Findlay threatened a lawsuit against Shackleton, as apparently he had

never been paid anything for the rights to THE SLAUGHTER. The case was settled out of court, with Shackleton paying Findlay for the rights. Michael Findlay was killed in a helicopter accident on the Pan-Am building in New York City in 1977. Roberta, who was already separated from him by this time, continues to this day to make sex features under a variety of aliases. Allen Shackleton is also dead. He had relocated his Monarch Releasing to L.A. in 1977 in an attempt to revitalize his flagging career. Ironically enough, he also died in New York City in October 1979 of a heart attack. Only Roberta Findlay and Carter Stevens remain of the foursome responsible for creating the legend of SNUFF.

To this day, books and magazines continue to promote SNUFF as a film featuring an actual killing, and even some of the best-intentioned writers seem to have been led astray on who did what with the making of the film. Cult Video certainly did their part to muddy the waters when the film was released on video cassette. At first they fell back on ads implying that the murders were real, and later used ads with made-up credits for the film listing a T. Amazon as director, and lines saying, "The original legendary atrocity shot and banned in New York." The first half of the statement is half true and the second totally false. The New York City District Attorney's office investigated the film after complaints when it first opened and easily ascertained that the end killing was faked.

It seems a shame that such a film has gained so much attention for so long, and also that so many people were so easily taken in when it first came out and continue to be until today. SNUFF stands as a monument of exploitation filmmaking techniques at their best. A poorly-made, bottom-of-the-barrel film was turned into a legend by marketing expertise and public gullibility. Hopefully, future film historians will correct the myths surrounding this film and deal with it as a curiosity item reflecting the exploitation-film market of our time.

SPLATTER SHORTS

*Most all of you probably know by now that Joel M. Reed's BLOODSUCKING FREAKS (covered in ST No. 1) is available on videotape from Vestron. But Joel isn't sitting idle — he tells us that, "I am on the verge of shooting a tongue in cheek, space adventure called TEEN SPACE GIRLS. The only 'humansoids' in it will be four, very beautiful teenage girls. The 'hero' will be an extremely lecherous, mini computer. I will do one more horror-mystery entitled THE NIGHT BEFORE XMAS, before proceeding on to a big budget, World War II action-adventure comedy entitled KARGO, and a bitter sweet romance about teenagers in Manhattan called BABY KISSES. All these are involved with a new motion picture company I'm planning to bring public."

Joel goes on to report that this new company will be producing "a variety of 'exploitation type' films. Start up financing will be

\$100,000.00. I am seeking approximately ten investors at \$10,000 each to get involved in the project." For anyone wishing to contact Reed for more information, The Splatter Times will be happy to forward your letters to him.

By the way, a Reed project which was discussed in our interview with him three issues back, TEEN DEMON, is now being produced from his original screenplay with British rock star David Essex in the lead role. And even with BLOODSUCKING FREAKS on videotape, Reed says the film is "still going strong as a midnight show and has played as many as 50 weeks in some situations."

"There hasn't been a new installment in the ILSA series with **Dyanne Thorne** since 1978's ILSA, TIGRESS OF SIBERIA, but this sorry situation is now being corrected with ILSA IV, which recently completed filming. Only time will tell if this newest entry matches the previous ILSA films for unbridled perversity, sadism, and all-around fun!

*Remember Alan Gibson, the Australian director who turned out DRACULA A.D. 1972 and THE SATANIC RITES OF DRACULA (A.K.A. COUNT DRACULA AND HIS VAMPIRE BRIDE) for Hammer before dropping mostly out of sight. Well, he's back — and in the bag way — with the forthcoming MARTIN'S DAY starring Richard Harris, Lindsay Wagner, James Coburn, and KRAMER VS.

KRAMER star Justin Henry. This one doesn't look like a horror film, but it 'does' have a screenplay by Allan Scott and Chris Bryant, the team that adapted DON'T LOOK NOW for director Nick Roeg.

*Yvonne Furneaux is another long-absent figure who snared attention in the late 50's and 60's through roles in Hammer's THE MUMMY and Polanski's REPUSSION before more or less vanishing. Now she's back with Donald Pleasence, Aldo Ray, and Zsa Zsa Gabor (?) in something called FRANKENSTEIN'S GREAT AUNT TILLIE. Don't go expecting a relentless exercise in screen terror, though — the ads describe this one as "more fun than a barrel of monkeys." Gosh, if only I could think of great lines like that, maybe I could be a successful ad writer, too!

*They may be located way down in the Republic of Panama, but Continental Motion Pictures may be recognized before long as a major production source for horror/exploitation films. Ready for release are SHE with Sandahl Bergman, WARRIOR OF THE LOST WORLD with Donald Pleasence, and 2020 TEXAS GLADIATORS — while their drawing board of upcoming productions includes MONSTER DOG, THE FALLING with FADE TO BLACK star Dennis Christopher, and SCARED TO DEATH II (did anyone see the first one — it never hit my area).





Sadism in Cinema

By DONALD FARMER

If horror film enthusiasts can be considered sick, deviate, and depraved, what's to be said for those of us who enjoy the subgenre I'll call "sadistic cinema." After all, Jason may have impaled, slashed, and dismembered his victims in the FRIDAY THE 13th series, but he's never used someone's tongue for a pin cushion as in THE DEVILS or held a lit candle under someone's private parts as in SALO.

For many of us, sadistic films might be considered an acquired taste. Even quite a few mainstream horror fans who can't get their fill of rudimentary violence in standard genre releases think there's something seriously amiss with sadistic films and the people who enjoy them. Just the other day I was discussing Argento and Corman with a potential subscriber and happened to ask if he's seen BLOODSUCKING FREAKS.

"No, I don't think I could get into that," he said. "Isn't it weird or something?"

Maybe sadistic films are "weird," but — when you consider what it is that attracts many of us to violent films in the first place, they actually provide a blunter, more direct source for whatever vacacious thrills we might be seeking.

There've been a hundred different explanations for why people enjoy horror movies . . . because everyone loves to be scared, because they relieve tension, because — of all exploitation genres — horror films pack more cheap thrills per reel (with the exception of anything directed by Larry Buchanan).

And while most all horror movies are violent, not all have the minimum dosage of 'overt, explicit violence' that justifies the rapid attention of our readers. And of those films, only a fraction can honestly be called 'sadistic.' Just because a picture contains a graphic murder every seven-and-a-half minutes doesn't make it sadistic. Murder is murder. . . sadism is something else entirely.

I think we enjoy violent horror films — not so much to be frightened, but because we simply enjoy watching (simulated) mutilation and physical destruction. Isn't that what makes someone a gore/splatter fan —

because they 'like' watching footage of plastic bodies being destroyed by special effects ingenuity. I think most (myself included) draw the line at 'real' violence and have little interest in watching documentary newscasts of car wreck victims or Central American executions. There is an audience for this type of thing, though, and pictures like FACES OF DEATH (reviewed this issue) were obviously made with these folks in mind. Maybe one reason I don't get all excited about seeing movies with real life death scenes is because my regular job on a daily newspaper frequently calls for me to cover stories involving decomposing bodies, suicides, highway smash-ups, etc. And unlike movies, I haven't become jaded to these sights and don't imagine to be anytime soon.

But getting back to the subject, if an interest in watching cleverly faked death scenes can attract us to violent horror films, aren't these same interests satisfied more directly in sadistic films, where death is just the encore and torture the main attraction?

My dictionary defines 'sadism' as "1. the getting of sexual pleasure from dominating, mistreating, or hurting one's partner. 2. The getting of pleasure of any sort from mistreating others." So, you see, torture and cruelty aren't all that's going on in sadistic films — these acts are being expressly enjoyed by their instigators (and then the audience).

Preceding this definition, the dictionary notes that the term 'sadism' derives from the Count de Sade (1749-1814), whose writings — even for modern readers — provide an exhaustive, undiluted catalog of tortures, both physical and psychological. At one point in his life, DeSade even penned this definition for the condition which would later be given his name:

"An unhappy aberration which makes us find pleasure in the misery of others; we feel that a violent commotion inflicted upon another sets up in the mass of our nerves a vibration whose effect irritate the animal spirits in the base of the nerves and obliges them to press the erector nerves and to produce what we call a lascivious sensation; as a consequence, we begin to commit robberies and murders for the sole purpose of debauchery. . ."

DeSade is best known by his more familiar title, The Marquis DeSade, and his books such as "Justine," "Juliette," "Philosophy in the Boudoir," and particularly "The 120 Days of Sodom" provide probably the single most comprehensive source of sexual and sadistic aberrations ever compiled — before or since. It's especially fascinating to consider that his "120 Days. . ." — a book written in 1785 (and on

pieces of toilet paper while he was in a French prison) still has more genuine shock value than any book I can name from the past 399 years.

Andre Tarade sums it up in his book "Sadism" when he states: "In every one of his many writings, some of them composed of volumes, Sade described a profusion of scenes of violence, torture, of such a sheer cruelty that they would give a chill of horror to the most temperate of the modern readers of horror fiction. His wild, feverous sexual fantasies poured forth onto paper — and were made more outstanding because he dared to provide twisted although ingenious 'philosophical' rationalizations for the actions of his characters. With cynical ingenuity, he tried to demonstrate that vice was superior to virtue and that the torment of others was the highest and most sophisticated form of self-expression."

For the uninitiated, consider this excerpt from Part Four of "The 120 Days of Sodom": "The Murderous Passions, which is a listing of 150 unbelievably cruel tortures:"

"Escorted by Desgranges and Duclos, the Duc and Curval made a journey to the cellars with Augustine in the course of that night; her ass has been preserved in excellent condition, 'tis now lashed to latens, then the two brothers alternately embuher her, but guard their seed, and then the Duc gives her fifty-eight wounds in the buttocks, pious holding all into each gash. He drives a hot iron into her cunt, another into her ass, and fucks her wounded charms, his prick sheathed in a seal skin condom which worsens the already lamentable state of her privities. That accomplished, the flesh is peeled away from the bones of her arms and legs, which bones are sawed in several different places, then her nerves are laid bare in four adjacent places, the nerve ends are tied to a short stick which, like a tourniquet, is twisted, thus drawing forth the aforementioned nerves, which are very delicate parts of the human anatomy and which, when mistreated, cause the patient to suffer much. Augustine's agonies are unheard-of."

"She is given some respite and allowed to recruit her strength, then Messieurs resume work, but this time, as the nerves are pulled into sight, they are scraped with the blade of a knife. The friends complete that operation and now move elsewhere; a hole is bored in her throat, her tongue is drawn back, down, and passed through it, 'tis a comical effect, they hroil her remaining breast, then, clutching a scalpel, the Duc thrusts his hand into her cunt and cuts through the partition dividing the anus from the vagina; he throws aside the scalpel, reintroduces his hand, and rummaging about in her entrails, forces her to shit

BEATMEWHIPMELOVEMEKILLME

through her cunt, another amusing stunt; then, availing himself of the same entrance, he reaches up and tears open her stomach. Next, they concentrate upon her visage; cut away her ears, burn her nasal passages, blind her eyes with molten sealing wax, gild her cranium, hang her up by the hair, attack heavy stones to her feet, and allow her to drop: the top of her skull remains dangling.

"She was still breathing when she fell, and the Duc encountered her in this sorry state; he discharged and came away only the more enraged. They split her fully, opened her, and applied fire to her entrails; scalpel in hand, the President burrows in her chest and harasses her heart, puncturing it in several places. 'Twas only then her soul left her body; at the age of fifteen years and eight months thus perished one of the most heavenly creatures ever formed by Nature's skillful hand."

If you're still with me, I should point out that a writer of DeSade's gifts was a natural for film adaptations, and producers have plucked the bones of his 18 century manuscripts almost as thoroughly as they've turned to Poe's 19th century output for dependable money-makers. But for obvious reasons, the DeSade films have never found the mass acceptance of the Poe adaptations. Sadism is something which appeals to a more specialized audience, and DeSade has lacked the added bonus of having his works studied by the same junior high students throughout the world who read Poe's "The Raven," and "The Tell Tale Heart."

The first movie version of DeSade wasn't a horror film or — strictly speaking — a sadistic film. Instead, it was Spanish director Luis Bunuel's 1930 L'AGE D'OR (THE AGE OF GOLD) — his followup to his enormously successful short film "Un Chien Andalou" (1928), which opened with a close-up of a woman's eyeball being slit lengthwise with a razor-blade. But Bunuel was more concerned with surrealism than sadism, and his use of "120 Days of Sodom" for the concluding segment of L'AGE D'OR was simply so he could revamp DeSade's material and launch a jab at religion (certainly not the last he's be responsible for in his long career).

In DeSade's book, four archetypes of French nobility (including a bishop) arrange for a group of teenaged boys and girls to be kidnapped and taken to a remote chateau for a 120 day succession of orgies, tortures, and murders. Bunuel shows us a long shot of a forbidding castle in L'AGE D'OR and expediently summarizes DeSade's plot with a series of title cards which read:

"... at that moment... the survivors of the Chateau de Sellenay were coming out to go back to Paris. Four well known and often scoundrels had locked themselves up in an impenetrable castle for 120 days to celebrate the most brutal of orgies. These fiends had no law but their depravity. They were libertines who had no God, no principles, and no religion. The least criminal among them was defiled by more evil than you can name. In his eyes the life of a woman — what am I saying, of ONE woman, of all the women in the world, counts

for as little as a fly. They look to the chateau solely for their disgusting designs eight marvelous girls, eight splendid adolescents, and so that their imaginations (already too jaded) should be continually stimulated, they also took along four depraved women who constantly fired the evil lust of the four monsters with their tales. Here, now leaving the Chateau de Sellenay are the survivors of these criminal orgies. The leader and chief instigator of the four, the Duke of Bliangs."

With that introduction, Bunuel shows the massive door of the castle slowly open as a man in the traditional white robe beard visage of Christ emerges, comically holding his stomach as if suffering from severe indigestion. He's followed by four, more traditionally attired French noblemen, and the quartet slowly make their way across the fog draped drawbridge of the chateau. Suddenly, another figure appears in the door, a young girl who clutches her breast and collapses. The Duke of Bliangs Christ lifts her up, she clutches desperately at his robe, and the two go inside. We soon hear a female scream and the Duke of Bliangs steps outside once more — only without his beard, for some reason known only to Bunuel (who died last year). The four noblemen then continue their way down the path from the castle, and a burst of high-spirited music brings the film to an end.

Considering the temperament of 1930 audiences, it's understandable that L'AGE D'OR was declared blasphemous and immediately banned — not to be shown publicly again for 50 years. Those who enjoy Bunuel as I do should naturally want to see it (legal films copies are sold by Bruce Webster 426 N.W. 30, Oklahoma City, OK 73104 for \$300 plus shipping) — but DeSade devotees might prefer to move onto other film versions.

As in pictures like CASTLE OF BLOOD and TORTURE GARDEN which offered portrayals of Poe himself, most DeSade films to date are those with the Marquis (either living or dead) as a character. DeSade's ghost was responsible for haunting the title object in Freddie Francis' 1967 film THE SKULL, based on Robert Bloch's story "The Skull of the Marquis de Bliangs" and DeSade was well played in Patrick THE BLACK CAT McGee in the same year's MARAT SADE, actually a filmed stage play with the credited title of THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN PAUL MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE. Also featured was a young Glenda Jackson as a mental patient who uses her long hair in place of a whip to scourge Marat.

The film was shown on PBS in the early 70's — with nudity intact. One of DeSade's speeches in the production refers to the writing of "120 Days." "When I lay in the Bastille my ideas were already formed. I sweated them out under the blows of my own whip out of hatred for myself and the limitations of my mind

In prison I created in my mind monstrous representatives of a dying class who could only exercise their power in spectacularly staged orgies. I recorded the mechanics of their atrocities in the minutest detail and brought out everything wicked and brutal that lay inside me. In a criminal society I dug the criminal out of myself so I could understand him and so understand the times we live in. My imaginary giants committed desecrations and tortures. I committed them myself and like them allowed myself to be bound and beaten.

And even now I should like to take this beauty here who stands there so expectantly and let her beat me while I talk to you about the Revolution."

Oh yes, DeSade was credited for inspiring 1965's BLOODY PIT OF HORROR, but the only relation this film has to his books is some mild whipping scenes. Director Jesus Franco took JUSTINE as the title of his 1969 Jack Palance film, but made few pretensions about adapting the novel. Instead, he gave us Klaus Kinski as DeSade, and the always busy Mr. Kinski would even have a chance to play Poe three years later in Antonio Margheriti's WEB OF THE SPIDER (a remake of the director's CASTLE OF BLOOD). Jesus Franco's 1988 output also included EUGENI.

THE STORY OF HER JOURNEY INTO PERVERSION, which was loosely based on DeSade's "Philosophy in the Boudoir" and featured a cameo role for Christopher Lee, making his only X-rated film appearance.

But there were actually three DeSade films in 1969, and the one best remembered today is American International's biography epic DE SADE from director Cy (ZULU) Enfield. The all star cast featured Keir Dullea, fresh from 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, as the Marquis, John Huston (who scored again the next year with MYRA BRECKENRIDGE) as the "Abbe," and Lilli Palmer. The musical composer, Billy Strange, now lives in Franklin, Tennessee — not too far from Splatter Times headquarters.

Although I unfortunately missed DE SADE (too young when it came out — the first and only X-rating for AIP), I did manage to read the paperback novellization of the screenplay. Here's a sample:

"... so far his flagging lust, the beating began.

All during the long session, the Marquis was two men. One of them was the participant, crazed with sex and savagery, his face coarse with lust, his body writhing in denuded sensuality as he was beaten by the broom with which he also beat the girls in turn. It was from his pocket that he drew the whip made of parchment, studded with nails and stained with blood, inspiring the girls to use it. But they couldn't hear to wield it on him, and so it was the two brooms that they used to beat him. Latour too his turn in beating his master with

He made evil an art, virtue a vice...and pain a pleasure!

SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF and JAMES H. NICHOLSON
present

KEIR DULLEA
SENTA BERGER
LILLI PALMER

starring in

de SADE



"Do all your desire
dictates. Imagination
is the only truth."



"Love is merely a dis-
position of the organs
...nothing more."



"I cannot corrupt that
which is by nature
already corrupt."



Persons under 16 not admitted.

CO STARRING

ANNA MASSEY · SONJA ZIEMANN · JOHN HUSTON

SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCE



as "THE ABBE"

the besom. He kept score on the wall: It was no less than eight hundred strokes that he received. It was he who offered the girls some sweets in a crystal box. They were homemade confections containing ratharides, an irritant commonly known as 'Spanish Fly' which usually acts as an aphrodisiac. One of the girls ate a few. The others threw theirs away.

The other man was the Marquis as a detached observer, standing to one side and watching with cynical objectivity the ludicrous puppet which was his physical self. But his cold detachment turned to anguish with the beating. His heart beat pounded and his voice became distorted and harsh as he cried out: 'Beat me! Love me! Beat me! Love me!' The demands were shouted alternately. And now the girls and Latour took up the cry in mocking unison.

'Beat me!'

'Love me!'

'Beat me!'

'Love—'

'Beat—'

Their voices became louder and louder. The room swirled before his tortured face.

The besom continued to descend with increasing violence. It lashed him mercilessly.

He swayed.

His lips parted. A scream escaped from them as he fell forward. . . "

To me, this Hollywood version of a sadistic orgy seems more humorous than shocking. And since you've now read a sample of the 'real thing' from 'The 120 Days of Sodom,' you'll probably agree that the above is comparatively mild.

For a few more laughs, here's the description of De Sade taken from the back cover of this novelization:

"He spent his wedding night with three women and a whip and his honeymoon on an orgy of sex and cruelty that stunned an entire nation.

"He was driven by twin passions — hideous pleasure and luxurious pain. A bizarre sense of vengeance compelled him to defy nature and the laws of man. With a sword at his side and a wrench in his arms, the Marquis de Sade set out to shock the civilized world."

Certainly the most notorious of the De Sade films is Italian director Pier Paolo Pasolini's SALO — 120 DAYS OF SODOM, which moved the book's action from 18th century France to Italy during World War II. The basic structure of the novel is retained, and De Sade's apparent aim for his book to work as a political allegory is amplified by Pasolini.

Like the book, Pasolini's film carries an impact not matched by many films as his characters recreate several less-than-savory episodes from the novel. Teenagers are forced to eat excrement (served in a silver platter), a tongue is slowly cut off, a girl is graphically scalped (long before MANIAC), and another's nipples are burned off with a candle. The film was almost unanimously reviled upon its showing at the 1977 New York film Festival. Vincent Canby of the New York Times said he could not recommend it "even to any more

adventuresome readers" and — of all people — Screw magazine editor Al Goldstein walked out halfway through, claiming SALO was too much even for him. The critic for Human Behavior magazine was more level-headed when he simply wrote, "Salo may be the most powerfully upsetting movie ever made. It is an experience which sends the viewer reeling from the theatre, speechless and spent."

If your local school, civic, or church group would care to present SALO at its next get-together, the film can be rented for \$300 (in 36mm) from MGM/United Artists (call toll 800-223-0933). And for a more detailed study of SALO, a long article I did on it (with literary influences, complete synopsis, etc.) is featured in Demonique No. 4 (available from FantaCo Enterprises, 21 Central Ave., Albany, N.Y. 12210).

Other films from the 70's which made no direct reference to De Sade still carried on the theme of his works. THE STORY OF O served up soft-core sadomasochism (with Udo Kier, the star of ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN and DRACULA) and Radley Metzger's THE PUNISHMENT OF ANNE was the first venture into triple X filmmaking for the director of hits like CAMILLE 3000 and THE LICKERISH QUARTER. Despite the hardcore format, Metzger didn't forsake the glossy production values and stunning actresses of his previous films — he simply included hardcore scenes in this story of a young girl (Anne) who allows herself to be totally dominated by an middle-aged woman. When an interested gentleman becomes a confidant of Anne's mistress, a melange a trois is formed which lead to more sadistic games and tortures — all executed on the uncompromising Anne.

After this film, Metzger apparently decided he needed a more mainstream audience and directed the horror thriller THE CAT AND THE CANARY with a cast including Carol Lynley, Edward Fox and Olivia Hussey. Soon, other porn directors were following Metzger into horror territory. William Lustig directed MANIAC (after giving us THE VIOLATION OF CLAUDIA) and Armand Weston did THE NESTING with John Carradine. By the way, one of Metzger's earliest film jobs was as an editor on Jack Curtis' THE FLESH EATERS (who, like H.G. Lewis and Andy Milligan, also did soft-core nudie films).

But in the canon of sadistic films, STORY OF O and especially THE PUNISHMENT OF ANNE are extreme examples, where pleasure is shared by both the torturer and victim. This might spoil the fun for those of us who prefer watching screaming, hysterical types a la Marilyn Burns, but there's no shortage of other films to meet our needs. Probably the simplest form of torture is whipping — preferably with a good, sturdy lash. It would be impossible to add up the films which featured whipping scenes over the years, but a few conspicuous examples from the horror field include BLOOD FEAST, Mario Bava's WHAT (starring Chris Lee and alternately titled THE WHIP AND THE FLESH), SPIRITS OF THE DEAD (where a black winged

Brigitte Bardot is lashed by French heart throb Alan Delon), and the amply named HOUSE OF WHIPCORD. Also, we shouldn't forget ISLAND OF LOST SOULS, where Charles Laughton swung a mean whip to keep his manimals in line.

Still, whipping is only a mild form of sadism. At least, mild compared to some of the things Michael Reeves cooked up for THE CONQUEROR WORM (a.k.a. WITCH-FINDER GENERAL), with Vincent Price in one of his most depraved roles. To determine if various townspeople are in league with the devil, Price jabs holes in their backs with a long needle, dunks them in a nearby stream, and finally burns them at the stake. Price played a similar character in 1970's CRY OF THE BANSHEE, which was bloodier but less sadistic. And while witch-burning films were in vogue, Jesus Franco naturally gave us his contribution, NIGHT OF THE BLOOD MONSTER with Chris Lee (a Franco regular). The film was known in Europe as THE BLOODY



Barbara Markham · Patrick Barr
Roy Brooks · Ann Michelle
COLOR by Movielab
An American International Release

JUDGE in a version which contained bits of torture and nudity which we missed in the U.S. for the sake of distributor A.L.P. getting a PG rating. They double-billed it with Hammer's **BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB**, which was 'also' chopped up to earn a PG.

It would be impossible to discuss the witch-burning subgenre without mentioning two of the most violent films in this category — **MARK OF THE DEVIL** and **MARK OF THE DEVIL — PART II**. Both of these European lensed efforts contained scene after scene of young girls being mangled on the rack, burned at the stake, and tortured beyond endurance. The first film is more notable for the participation of Berbet Lorn and Udo Kier, although Reggie (SALEM'S LOT) Nadler appeared in both. A highlight of **PART TWO** comes when a girl is suspended over a sharpened pole, which naturally impales her through the vagina. Then there's a poorly done stake burning scene where the roasted body is so obviously a department store mannequin.

One thing that two **MARK OF THE DEVIL** films shared with the two **Prix** was their meager budgets (probably no more than half a million each, if that much). For an elaborately mounted version of witch burning hysteria, the film to see is definitely Ken Russell's **THE DEVILS**, which features one of the most grueling torture scenes on record. Accused with Oliver Reed is shaven bald, then his legs are smashed with repeated blows from a heavy mallet after he refuses to sign a confession. Reed's tongue is drawn out and ventilated with puns, then he's led to a waiting stake for the film's fiery climax. Russell packs this scene with the same visual dazzle he gave to **ALTERED STATES** and **TOMMY**, making **THE DEVILS** a totally unforgettable film. (For the latest on Russell, he has a film called **CRIMES OF PASSION** due out from the 'new' New World Pictures.)

By now, some of you might be thinking that torturing witches is fine. De Sade's okay for kicks, but WHAT ABOUT ILSA? Don't think I've forgotten everyone's favorite Serbian sadist — I'm just saving the best for last! I'm referring, naturally, to Ilsa as brought to life by Dyanne Thorne in the three part film series (**ILSA, SHE WOLF OF THE S.S.**; **ILSA, HAREM KEEPER OF THE OIL SHEIKS**; and **ILSA, TIGRESS OF SIBERIA**), which will soon have a new addition when the recently completed **ILSA IV** is released. No other films have characterized the best virtues of overt sadism and strong entertainment values like the Ilsa series, which manage to defy time and logic by killing her off, then bringing her back in a new time period and setting for one adventurous romp after another.

ILSA, SHE WOLF OF THE S.S. (1974) found Dyanne Thorne as "The most deranged Nazi of them all," conducting bizarre experiments on her prisoners like implanting worms into gaping incisions. Make-up man Joe Basco also created the parasitic slug for Cronenberg's **THEY CAME FROM WITHIN**, and was the make-up artist for the **LAWRENCE WELK SHOW**.



SADISTIC PAYMENT of a gambling debt is demanded of Brigitte Bardot by a problem-besotted Alain Delon who chooses to whip his beautiful victim rather than retire to the boudoir with her in Edgar Allan Poe's suspense drama, "Spirits of the Dead."

I haven't seen the second one, **ILSA, HAREM KEEPER OF THE OIL SHEIKS** (1976), but have it on good authority that the visual highlight was a girl's breasts being crushed. I have, however, caught **ILSA, TIGRESS OF SIBERIA** (1978) and enjoyed it even more than the first one. Ilsa is now the commander of a Russian prison camp in Siberia in the early 1930's, where she feeds her more uncooperative prisoners to her pet tiger. Ilsa routinely uses electric shock treatment to break the will of stubborn prisoners, but finds it impossible to force the new arrival, Andre, to come around to her way of thinking. In the meantime, she settles an argument between two quarreling prisoners by staging an Indian wrestling match — but with two spinning buzzsaw blades on each end of the table. When the weaker man's arm is finally forced into the blade, we see an extended close-up as his hand is sawed off at the wrist. Ilsa looks smugly at the blood smeared loser and tells a guard, "He's of no further use to the state."

Halfway through the movie, her prisoners stage a riot and burn the camp to the ground. Ilsa and her cohorts escape in one direction, and Andre is the only prisoner to make it out alive. The story then moves to Canada in 1977 where Andre is now the coach of a Russian hockey team, visiting in North America for a local game. His players convince him to accompany them to a brothel, which amazingly enough is operated by Ilsa (new hairstyle but not looking any older). Andre is kidnapped and brought to her mansion where he's about to be castrated when a Canadian-style SWAT team raids the place and rescues him. Grabbing a bundle of cash, Ilsa makes a getaway on a snowmobile, which then crashes on a frozen lake. The film ends with the now-crippled Ilsa pathetically warming herself around a small fire, putting large denomination bills in the flames to keep it burning.

Although not in an Ilsa picture, Dyanne was back to her sadistic ways in 1979 for Jesus Franco (now where have we heard that name before?) in his surprisingly well made **GRETA — THE MAD BUTCHER** (a.k.a.

WANDA, THE WICKED WARDEN) I say "surprisingly" because most Franco movies are filled with enough zoom lens shots to induce motion sickness in the first 15 minutes. **GRETA**, however, is so competently made, it's kind of amazing to believe Franco was responsible.

As in his other 'girls in prison' pix **BARBED WIRE DOLLS** (reviewed last issue), **GRETA** emphasizes sex and nudity over violence and sadism, but there's still enough depravity to satisfy Thorne fans. In a lesbian love scene, for example, Greta inserts pins all up and down the length of her lover's torso — then jumps on top of the girl — forcing them all in to the hilt. The film's most controversial scene was edited in the print I saw, where a tough female prisoner shows a new girl who's boss by first having her lick her boots while she's on a toilet, then she stands up and decides the girl's tongue should substitute for toilet paper. The censored print jumps ahead to a shot of the girl vomiting.

But probably the highlight of **GRETA** was Dyanne's spectacular death scene — which certainly topped the climaxes of **SHE WOLF** and **TIGRESS**. Virtually every female prison in the mental hospital Greta runs breaks into her office and gnaw her to death with their bare teeth. We see a close-up of someone biting a chunk out of Dyanne's overdeveloped bosom before the end titles flash mercifully on the screen.

Franco completists may wish to note that the busy director also did **SADOMANIA** and **SADIST-EROTICA**, neither of which has been distributed in the U.S.

The most recent examples of sadism on a grand scale has been **BLOODSUCKING FREAKS** (exhaustively covered in TST No. 1, so please refer to that issue), and **CALIGULA** (triple 'X' version), which showed that, even with an \$18 million budget and big stars like John Gielgud and Peter O'Toole, a movie can still be as excruciatingly sadistic as most of us would care to see. The film gave Makolm McDowell a chance to chew more scenery per

Every conceivable TORTURE known to man ... civilized or savage!

TORTURE DRUGS THAT MAKE MEN SLAVES!

POSITIVELY FOR ADULTS ONLY!

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STORY BY BURT TOPPER & TERRY TELLI • SCREENPLAY BY LES BAXTER
DIRECTED BY SALVATORE BILITTIERI • A TRANS-AMERICAN FILM

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minute since his Nazi sadist character in *THE PASSAGE*. In *CALIGULA*, we see how Rome's nastiest emperor and his uncle were as ingenious as they were twisted. Rather than simply executive a guard who was sleeping on the job, O'Toole has his penis tied off with a string and forces wine down his throat till his stomach bulges to the breaking point. As you might imagine, he then plunges a sword into the guard's swollen gut, then stands back as the blood and wine spurt out.

For his part, Caligula buries his enemies neck deep in the ground and runs a Roman

decapitating machine over them. He later stabs a young man to death, castrates him, and laughs it up as the severed organ is fed to some waiting dogs.

After its initial X-rated run, *CALIGULA* was reissued in a heavily cut R-rated form which was a good 45 minutes shorter. Both versions are now available on videocassette, so take your pick.

It's, of course, been impossible to list "every" sadistic film in this article, and some may feel that several noteworthy titles have been omitted. All I can say is that I've been typing for nearly six hours now, and it's time to wind it up! It'd be possible to come back next issue with *SADISM IN CINEMA PART II* if I wanted to go into all those obscure cheapies like *ROOM OF CHAINS*, *TORTURE DUNGEON*, *OBEISANCE SCHOOL*, *HOUSE OF KINKY PLEASURE*, *THE STORY OF K*, etc., etc., but — sad to say — I haven't seen enough of them.

All the same, if you're a reader who feels I should return in a future issue with still more on Sadism in Cinema, let me be a little sadistic myself and suggest that YOU write it.

MORE SPLATTER SHORTS

'Following last year's video transfer film, *THE BOARDING HOUSE*, New York's Joe Zaso announces that filming is underway on *SCREAMBOOK*, which is being shot on videotape (for \$1,000 — we're talking "low budget") and may be later transferred to 35mm for theatrical showings.

Apparently inspired by *CREEPSHOW*, *SCREAMBOOK* is an anthology pic with the following stories — *FAMILY REUNION*, *TOMMY*, *SECRET OF THE BOTTLE*, *THE TOY IN THE WINDOW*, and *WORMS*.' Zaso describes the film's make-up effects as including "a rotted corpse, a body severing, a crushed face, a horribly blue and deformed student, an axe in the student's head, a beat-

ghoulishly living toy, and killer worms that fly out of a man's body."

Joe tells us that his previous video films have included *THE INCREDIBLE GROWING DOG* (1983) and *OUR BLOODY MANSION* (1982).

'Gregg Henry, who was most recently featured in Brian DePalma's *SCARFACE*, has been selected for a starring role in DePalma's *BODY DOUBLE*, a Columbia Pictures release. Henry plays a young actor who befriends fellow thespian Craig (*GHOST STORY*) Wasson before the latter becomes witness to a sex-slaying. Melanie Griffith co-stars as a porno film queen who holds the key to the mysterious murder.

Those who haven't yet read Michael Weldon's "Psychotronic Encyclopedia of Film" should definitely grab a copy. With 800-plus pages and over 3,000 entries, it's probably the single most indispensable reference volume ever published for exploitation fans. For an idea of just how comprehensive "Psychotronic" is, it even lists all the films of Larry Buchanan and Jerry Warren!

'The new Marilyn Burns film *SPLATTER* (reviewed last issue) has undergone a little change. The picture is now known as *FUTURE-KILL*.

'If you're like me and were planning to attend the big horror science-fiction convention in Baltimore this August where guests like H. G. Lewis and Jack Arnold had been scheduled, we've received official word that the event has been cancelled due to financial difficulties.

I know it's no substitute for the convention, but if any readers want to stop by my house in August, I'll be glad to make a few cheese-



The creature from *SCREAMBOOK* makes life unpleasant for another victim.

Lynn Lowry

Even if she hadn't been infected with rabies in **I DRINK YOUR BLOOD**, contaminated by a bacterial virus in **THE CRAZIES**, and mauled by a giant panther in **CAT PEOPLE**, Lynn Lowry would still be a special actress for horror fans who've seen her starring role in David Cronenberg's **THEY CAME FROM WITHIN**, probably the most original genre film of the 70's.

Lynn also has a name synonymous with soap operas after starring in **ANOTHER WORLD** and other NBC daytime dramas for over four years, and her theatre involvement has included everything from acting in dozens of productions to running her own New York theatre company. And finally, Lynn is also working to establish herself as a screenwriter, having co-written two horror scripts which she hopes to see produced.

The following telephone interview was conducted in February:

Donald Farmer — You're probably the only actress who's worked with both David Cronenberg and George Romero — two of the top horror directors in the world. How would you compare working with each of them?

Lynn Lowry — Well, I worked with both of them very early on in their careers. It was David's first movie, and it was also done for a very low budget. I heard it grossed a great deal of money. And he was just a dream — he was very nice and very considerate and a lot of fun, a real good personality. You know, it was just like a family kind of situation, and I went to Canada to shoot it. That was a time when you didn't have to belong to the union or be born in Canada. They saw me in some film, and they asked me if I would do this part. George was also — I think that was George's third film that he had done — and he was one of the nicest people I ever met. His wife was there, who was pregnant at the time, and he was just a doll. A very kind man, very generous, calm, and friendly. It's very funny to think that they're both such top horror film directors when they're both such gentle men.

DF — The one with Romero was shot under the title **CODE NAME: TRIXIE** wasn't it? Then it was later changed to **THE CRAZIES**.

LL — Right.

DF — Were you surprised when, a few years ago, it played at the Museum of Modern Art in New York? Did you hear about that?

LL — I think I did hear about that. Yes, I was surprised.

DF — What did you think of his **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**?

LL — Well, I think **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** was more of a first. You'd never seen anything like that before... you know, people eating people. And also because there was a certain rivalry to it in that they actually used the newscaster that actually was in Pittsburgh. I knew people who were from that place and

they said it was really frightening to them when they saw the movie, it made it very believable to them. And I think it was truly horrifying to use a more confined area — it was in that one house where all the action took place, where as in our film it took place over miles and miles of country.

DF — Were you more pleased with the way **THEY CAME FROM WITHIN** turned out?

LL — Well, I think really that both of the films — considering they were low-budget films — came out really well. I was probably as happy with both of them. I liked my part better, I think, in **THEY CAME FROM WITHIN**.

DF — That one's been known by different titles, also. I think it was originally called **SHIVERS**. Was that the shooting title?

LL — The shooting title was **THE PARASITE COMPLEX**, which was a take-off on the fact that it was in an apartment building complex, so it was **THE PARASITE COMPLEX**, which I really liked. Then it was changed to **SHIVERS**, which I also liked. And the last title was my least favorite, but I think it probably was the one that makes the most money.

DF — Cronenberg has said in a lot of interviews that his original screenplays are usually more violent or graphic than the finished film. Was that the case with the one you did with him?

LL — Oh, it was pretty close in this case. I think later on he began to become a little more subtle, but in this case — from what I remember of the script — it was actually pretty close. Like, my scene with the parasite coming out of my mouth — that was in it.

DF — Was it very unpleasant having to film that?

LL — Not really. I have a very funny story that goes with that. We were in the basement of this apartment complex doing that and, of course, I was covered in this phony blood. When the shot was over, I went into this restroom, which was on that floor. And this lady who lived in the building walked in, and I was standing there covered with blood and she was quite frightened. I explained to her very quickly what the story was, but her expression was very funny when she walked in the door.

DF — Have you followed the subsequent movies that David has made?

LL — I didn't see **VIDEODROME** but I saw the one before.

DF — **SCANNERS**.

LL — **SCANNERS**, yes. I thought it was very good. When you have a little more money, there's so much more you can do. I liked that one a lot. Oh, and I saw **THE DEAD ZONE**. I'm a big Stephen King fan — I've read every one of Stephen King's books, and I liked **THE DEAD ZONE**. I liked the book better, but I thought he (Cronenberg) did an admirable job.

DF — How did you get started as an actress?

LL — I went through my last two years of high school in Atlanta, and then I went to the University of Georgia for four years and majored in speech and drama. I started out doing plays and my first professional job was in Bloomfield, Indiana. I was 17 when I had my first paying job. Then I moved to New York when I was about 20 and I got into my first movie.

DF — Your first horror film was **I DRINK YOUR BLOOD**. Was it actually shot under that title?

LL — The original title was **PHOBIA**, but Jerry Gross (the producer) did not like the title and wanted to change it.

DF — I have some German publicity material from that picture that shows you standing with some rats on a string.

LL — Yes, that was my rat picture. It's really terrible. It was X-rated when it came out because of the violence. I play a mute hippie on acid with rabies. It's the trainer's hand holding the rats, but it was right underneath my face. It was fun. We shot it in upstate New York.

DF — Aside from Cronenberg and Romero, another director you've worked with who've gone on to make a name for himself is Jonathan Demme, who's now done **MELVIN AND**



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HOWARD, LAST EMBRACE, and SWING SHIFT. What do you think of your film with him, FIGHTING MAD?

LL — I liked my work a lot. I didn't particularly like the plot of the film. I thought it was a good action film, a lot of violence. It's not my favorite kind of material, but I was fairly pleased with it. That was the biggest budgeted film I'd worked on at that point.

DF — Until CAT PEOPLE?

LL — Yes. It was pretty good, I guess. I thought Peter Fonda did a pretty good job in it. Everybody was great to work with.

DF — That was also an early film for Scott Glenn, who's gone on to PERSONAL BEST and URBAN COWBOY.

LL — Yes, he was very good in it. He played Peter's brother.

DF — Did they ever tell you on CAT PEOPLE how they chose you for that part? (Lynn played Ruthie, a prostitute who is attacked when Malcolm McDowell changes into a panther. D.F.). Did they like any particular one of your past movies?

LL — No, my agent submitted me for it. And the casting director told me they were looking for an exotic, dark, voluptuous type, which, of course, I am not. And I had showed her this very wonderful shot that (was taken) of me for Playboy a few years ago which was made into a famous lithograph. And I showed her the picture, which is a semi-nude, and she loved the picture — she decided to show it to the director in spite of what they were looking for. And the director liked the picture so much that he gave me an interview for the film. And I knew that once I got to read that, if my looks passed, I would get it because I'm very good at horror. And they called me back three times and I got to read for them in their office. And I asked them if they wanted me to do it full out, because I come across as kind of quiet. And they said, "Yes," so I did it, and as I crawled out of their office door, everybody in their outer office applauded me — I was screaming and everything. And I got it. So they really liked me and they changed their minds.

DF — Even before you started screaming, your delivery in that movie seemed a little rougher and more direct than some of your other movies where you're usually the shy type.

LL — Yes, well I'm really a very versatile actress. I do a lot of different kinds of roles. The play I'm doing right now is a 35-year-old mother from Dalton, Georgia, and she's a real cracker. So I play a lot of different kinds of people. I've had extensive theatre training. I had my own company in New York. I also direct and produce for theatre.

DF — Was that very hard on CAT PEOPLE where you had to slide down the staircase on your stomach?

LL — When they cast me they asked if I could do the stunt work, and I told them I was sure I could do it with the help of a stunt coordinator. They wanted the shot of me coming down the steps on my stomach right into the camera, so they wanted the same person. They shot it, I

would guess, about 34 times.

DF — All in one day?

LL — Well, actually in two days, and then they called me back a third day and asked if I would do it one more time because the timing on the camera had still not been right. So I was quite bruised and rag-burned — it was very difficult. I don't recommend people doing their own stunt work. But if I had it to do again, I would.

DF — There was one shot of you sitting on the bed and the tail swishing under your feet. Did they have a fake tail under there?

LL — Yes, it was a fake tail, and the first time they did this, they used a mechanical claw to grab me and that didn't work, so the next time they had a real crew person under there with a phony cat claw on. But the application to my foot took about two hours to put that on, where it looks like the cat scratched me. Every day they had to put that on. It takes a long time.

DF — Did (Paul) Schrader seem to be a more meticulous director than some of the others you've worked with?

LL — Well, yes, but especially because, with a \$13 million budget, you can afford to be more meticulous for that kind of money. But, yes, he's a very specific director — he likes to see everything several times and changes things and is very particular about the lighting and the camera angles. Everything is very definite — he has a very definite picture of what he wants, whereas George and David were more open to going with the moment and the situation as to what would happen.

DF — I was surprised to hear you were in S.O.B., also.

LL — I had a scene with Shelley Winters, which was cut. I'm also in the funeral scene — who I am is John Pleshette's girlfriend. It was like a little cameo part which turned into almost a nothing. I did have about five lines with Shelley Winters before that scene was cut. I just finished a TV movie called FOR LOVE OF A SOLDIER that David Green directed. David Green directed ROOTS and RICH MAN, POOR MAN. I play kind of a... her name is Rita and she owns this townhouse and she throws this party for the two main leads in the film. It's a reasonably small part, but it was my first TV film, so I was kind of excited about that. I'm not sure when it's going to play or anything.

DF — And you've done a lot of soap operas, too. I was surprised to see that you've worked one or two years at a time on some of them.

LL — Yes, on HOW TO SURVIVE A MARRIAGE I played the femme fatale, which was a lot of fun. She was real mean in the beginning and throughout the year-and-a-half she became sort of the hard girl with a heart (laughs). Eventually I became the heroine and married the doctor — it was a lot of fun.

DF — Was that sort of nerve-racking, having to shoot a complete 30 minute show five times a week?

LL — No, actually, I really loved it. I really like doing soaps. I have an incredible memory

for lines and things. It takes me like 15 minutes to learn a soap script. Then you have the whole entire day to rehearse it and get it ready. I work well under pressure, which soap opera work is a lot of.

DF — Is there anyone that you prefer — working on television or movies or plays?

LL — I always prefer to work in plays. I think that's where the art of acting really lies. A lot of film actors are really incredible, but I also think that after you get to do maybe 120 takes on each shot if you have to, one of those takes is bound to be pretty good unless you're not a very good actor or actress. But on stage you don't have that luxury. You have to come in with a finished work from the beginning, and the audience sees that work and they go on the journey with you, and if you're not there, they're not with you. And you really have control of their souls and their beings in person and I really like that. In the play I'm doing right now, they laugh and they gasp and they cry... it's very touching.

You know, something very interesting is that a man who I lived with, who I'm still very good friends with, is a cinematographer, and he shot SQUIRM, I DRINK YOUR BLOOD, THE BLACK PANTHER, and MOTHER'S DAY. He's done about five or six horror films and, also, I wrote a horror film. It never came out, but we (Lynn and her New York writing partner) wrote it at the time the horror boom became so big, and there were so many horror films being done that it was hard to get it done. But there's still a lot of interest in it right now so we're still hoping maybe someone will do it. It's very well done. And we just finished one last year — it's about a Hospice where people are dying of cancer and how they take their revenge on society. And this group of Hospice people go out and do retributive acts and it's really bloody and horrible. They're raising the money for it right now, and it's the first time we've been paid to write a script, so we're real excited about it. We're very good horror film writers — that's always been one of my key interests. I've seen about every horror film that's ever been made.



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Mary Woronov

There aren't many genuine 'cult queens' around these days but — if anyone qualifies — it would certainly be Mary Woronov.

From her early days as an Andy Warhol "superstar" to her current status as an actress in films like *EATING RAOUL*, *ROCK 'N ROLL HIGH SCHOOL*, and the upcoming *BLAND AMBITION*, Mary has created memorably eccentric characters like Vince Lombardi High Principal Evelyn Togar and the pervert-killing Mary Bland.

Although Mary is probably considered by many to be the female alter-ego of her frequent director/co-star Paul Bartel, horror fans should also note her performances in *SILENT NIGHT*, *BLOODY NIGHT*, and *Oliver Stone's SEIZURE*.

The following telephone interview with Mary was conducted on March 14:
Donald Farmer — You're probably best known for *EATING RAOUL* and *ROCK 'N ROLL HIGH SCHOOL*. Do you prefer working in comedy movies?

Mary Woronov — I like comedy best. I don't like slapstick comedy — I like comedy that's either weird or twisted. I just think that when you do comedy and you make people laugh, you open them further and they let more information in. You can say more bizarre things to them and they think it's funny.

DF — Do you think any of the characters you've played come close to how you see yourself, or are they all exaggerations?

MW — They're all exaggerations, but they're exaggerations of a part of me.

DF — Did you start off in films or did you have some theatre involvement first?

MW — Actually, I started off wanting to be an artist, and I still paint and I am an artist. But what I did was, in college they took us to these big art studios. One of them was Warhol's and he asked me to be in a movie.

DF — Was that *CHELSEA GIRLS*?

MW — Yes, so that was my first thing. So, as I say, I started in films, but right after I did *CHELSEA GIRLS* I couldn't get any other work and I did lots of theatre, but mainly because I was in New York.

DF — Was that your only Warhol film?

MW — No, No, I did a lot of films before *CHELSEA GIRLS*. The first one was called *SCREEN TEST*, it just involves you sitting and staring at a camera for five minutes. I did another one called... something about Hedy Lamarr. I did *THE 24 HOUR MOVIE*.

DF — Is *CHELSEA GIRLS* the one that was done with two screens going at the same time?

MW — Uh, huh.

DF — Are there any surviving prints of that?

MW — Yes, there are. A man named Ondine has them.

DF — Oh, you were in *SILENT NIGHT*, *BLOODY NIGHT* with him.

MW — Yes, my husband (Theodore Gurshtun) directed that and there were a lot of people in it that I knew from the Warhol days. Candy Darling was in it...

DF — He (Gurshtun) did that and he did *SUGAR COOKIES* with you.

MW — Yes.

DF — *SILENT NIGHT*, *BLOODY NIGHT* has been re-released in our area under a new title. It's called *DEATH HOUSE* now.

MW — (Laughs) You're kidding.

DF — No, it was on a quadruple bill with *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*, *EVIL DEAD* and *INVASION OF THE FLESH HUNTERS*.

MW — Oh, my God. Well, what's funny about that movie is we didn't have enough money to pay the monster, the guy who kills everybody. And there's a scene where his hand is coming down the banister and I'm screaming, but that's not his hand, it's mine.

DF — It's out on videotape now — have you seen it? It's a really bad quality videotape.

MW — That's amazing that that's on videotape. I can't imagine anyone who would want to see that.

DF — I had a hard time believing the same man directed those. *SILENT NIGHT*, *BLOODY NIGHT* was fairly unimaginative, but *SUGAR COOKIES* is one of the best films of that type I've seen.

MW — Well, *SUGAR COOKIES* he wrote, and *SILENT NIGHT*, *BLOODY NIGHT* was his attempt to do a stock movie so he could get more work, but he turned it into something else with the black and white sequence and it didn't get him more work.

DF — Was *SUGAR COOKIES* the first opportunity you had to really dominate a movie and play a fully fleshed-out character, where the movie was really about you, instead of you being just an added attraction?

MW — No, there was another movie called *KEMEK* which never came out. There was another movie I did, and I can't even remember the name of it, but that never came out either. What happened to *KEMEK* is the man who produced it died — it was done in Italy, it was a very big budget, and someone bought it years later and they wanted me to do it — [I think 10 years later — they would use my young stuff as a flashback, and they mutilated the film and it never came out.

DF — So I guess *SUGAR COOKIES* is the only one that's been in regular distribution where people could see it?

MW — Yes.

DF — It's owned by Troma (Distributing) now. They sent me one of their press folders, and they're still advertising it.

MW — Good Lord. It's a weird movie, but it's very much of that time. It's that weird kind of... I don't know... '60s psychological stuff.

DF — Then you made *SEIZURE* with the screenwriter of Pacino's *SCARFACE*.

MW — Oliver Stone, yes, I did his first movie — way before *MIDNIGHT EXPRESS*. He bought everything and wouldn't let it (*SEIZURE*) be seen. He didn't want anyone to know about it.

DF — That one didn't get shown much but it did receive very good reviews. I saw it when it played a drive-in in our area.

MW — You're kidding! Do you know that I've never seen it?

DF — Really?

MW — No!

DF — It had Jonathan Frid and that little guy from *FANTASY ISLAND*.

MW — Herve (Villechaise). And Troy Donahue.

DF — And Martin Beswick. Did Oliver Stone say why he didn't want anyone to see it?

MW — Well, I think that after *MIDNIGHT EXPRESS*... I mean, *MIDNIGHT EXPRESS* is so far above that in production value and everything else, he just wanted to go straight from *MIDNIGHT EXPRESS*. He didn't want that (*SEIZURE*) as a credit.

DF — So even though you're in a movie, they don't make any particular effort to make sure you see it?

MW — Oh, no — not at all. I've done four or five movies where I've never heard of them again. I did one in Ft. Lauderdale I remember. It's called *HOLLYWOOD MAN*, with William Smith. He was the star and I was the starless. Don Stroud was in it but nobody will ever see it. It's just buried.

DF — Were you surprised with your last movie *EATING RAOUL*, how well it was received?

MW — When I was making the movie, I wondered if it was going to come out. And towards the end of the movie I knew it was going to come out and I thought it was very funny. I sort of wasn't surprised because it was so wacky. I thought people would like it. But I didn't think it would get such good reviews, such good acclaim at the festivals and things. I thought people would make it more sort of a cult film.

DF — Have you kept count of how many movies you've made with Paul Bartel? It seems like almost half your movies.

MW — No, I haven't. I've kept a check of the ones he's directed. I've only been in three that he's directed.

DF — *CANNONBALL* and...

MW — *DEATH RACE 2000* and *EATING RAOUL*.

DF — Do you know when photography's supposed to start on the new one, *BLAND AMBITION*?

MW — No, I don't. They don't want to do it in the summertime, so I don't know.



Mary Woronov and John Carradine in a scene from **SILENT NIGHT, BLOODY NIGHT**.

DF — Are they waiting until the new one NOT FOR PUBLICATION has a release?

MW — I don't think so. I think he just doesn't want to work in the summertime. I think that's it.

DF — Do some people just automatically assume that you are he (Bartel) are married because you work together so much?

MW — This is true, and this is not the case at all. When we did our interviews, especially in Europe, people assumed we were married, and I was shocked.

DF — Just because you're in all those movies together?

MW — No, no, they didn't know we had done all those movies together. Just because of the way we acted in EATING RAOUL. They just assumed we're married in real life. I guess it's such a bizarre movie they just think, "Oh, well, they've got to be married to be that weird."

DF — There've been a lot of reports that Bartel's original cut of DEATH RACE 2000 was added to by Corman with additional cuts of violence.

MW — That's true. Paul made it a much funnier movie. And when Roger saw it he thought the humor was just "silly." That was his word — "silly." And he took out a lot of the humor and he added blood scenes like the fisherman getting caught in the crotch. He (Corman) would say, "That's what I want," and Paul would go out and shoot it.

DF — And was CANNONBALL just right after that?

MW — Yes.

DF — That one has a good reputation for the cameos — like Joe Dante, Sylvester Stallone, . . .

MW — Well, it has a good reputation for that, but as a car movie it really doesn't stand up. Paul's not really interested in cars. After seeing DEATH RACE 2000, instead of seeing the comedy in it, they said, "Oh, a car movie. He must be a car movie director and they gave him that!"

DF — Were you pleased with the way HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD turned out?

MW — I think that is one of the funniest movies I've ever done. We did it in a week and we used out-takes of other movies. And it's got all these funny things, like when Paul and I are sitting there watching a scene that is supposed to be an accident with this orange truck, a truck full of oranges, and they never shot the orange truck. So during the scene, for no reason at all, all these oranges roll across the ground. And it's got all these weird things in it like that. I just think it's funny.

DF — And it's out on videotape now, too.

MW — Oh, really?

DF — It's been out for a few months. It's got sort of a misleading label on it. The package on the outside makes it look like a sexploitation movie — it doesn't really pitch it like a comedy.

MW — Oh, you're kidding. That's so stupid because it's a comedy.

DF — In ROCK 'N ROLL HIGH SCHOOL, I'd

heard there were some scenes that Joe Dante stopped in and directed because Alan Arkush was sick.

MW — Yeah, it wasn't a heart attack, but all of a sudden he got very sick for two days and Joe Dante directed, and then he came back. It was towards the end of the movie and we never really found out what happened.

DF — The character for you in ROCK 'N ROLL HIGH SCHOOL was really sort of a departure from any of the other ones you've done.

MW — That was really very funny, because he (Alan Arkush) said, "Mary, we have a school teacher, and you'll be the school teacher," and I said, "Oh, that's wonderful, I'll be real sweet and nice like 'Our Miss Brooks' (1956 film with Eve Arden, D.F.). Then I put on the costume and there were all these kids screaming and yelling. I don't know, it just happened, I just came out as Miss Togar.

DF — So it was a lot of your input along with the script.

MW — (Laughs) It was mostly my input.

DF — Do you usually have to improvise a lot on your movies?

MW — Yes.

DF — So it's not all rigidly scripted?

MW — No, no, I do a lot of improvising, especially on those movies because usually you clown around before the take and you say something funny. And if it's a director who's good like Alan Arkush, they say, "Oh, say that instead."

DF — That one had a lot of success on mid-night showings around the country.

MW — I think that's a funny movie.

DF — You've been on TV a lot too, like HART TO HART and CHARLEY'S ANGELS.

MW — Yeah, I usually get guest star parts. I just do them and I do no improvisation there... at all. I mean, they just tell me what they want and I do it.

DF — Have you ever read a script where it's just too violent, where you wouldn't want to be in it?

MW — Not that it's 'too' violent — it's violence in bad taste. Violence needs sort of a moral point or else it's just wrong. It just doesn't work. Like I've read a lot of scripts that people wanted me to do, and the violence just doesn't work for me. I mean, it's just one killing after another — it's boring. It's not scary, and each one gets more and more gooey and gory, but then I've gone to the theatre and seen — what is it — HALLOWEEN I or II and the kids love it, they laugh hysterically — they point to the heroine and say, "Go here, go there, do this!" So they look at it entirely differently. So maybe it is alright.

DF — Do you think they've become desensitized to it because they see so much?

MW — I think they have. I think it's a protection they've put on and it's too bad because then they can't be scared like I used to be scared when I was a kid.

DF — In the 60's it didn't take much at all to scare people.

MW — No, it didn't take anything! You just went out of your nut! But now, the kids, they wall it off, and I guess maybe it helps them live today because it's so violent, but I don't know... it's kind of sad.

DF — Have you had any opportunities for parts that you regretted not doing?

MW — I've had a lot of parts that I regretted not getting, but that's just because my name isn't big enough yet. I've turned down a lot of parts — I mean, they just didn't get to me. I just didn't like them.

DF — Have you ever turned down a part that went on to be a recognizable movie?

MW — Let's see, I turned down MOTEL HELL.

DF — That was a wise decision. Do you have any particular career goals? You said you weren't a big enough name, but you seem to have a big cult status.

MW — But you see, there are a lot of projects I would like to get on, and (you have to have) a box office name, which I don't have yet, although I have a lot of cult status. I mean, I can't draw people into the box office, so I can't get my own projects on.

DF — In the meantime, would you like to go on making more movies with Paul?

MW — I'm looking forward to the next Mrs. Bland very much, I think that she can do even more.

DF — In that one you're going to run for Governor of California?

MW — Yes, but I like that character, and I do want to work more with Paul.

DF — Will you have the restaurant in the next

movie?

MW — It starts out we have the restaurant, but then someone serves someone a rat and

we get closed, and that's why we decided to run for Governor, because it's so unfair.

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Reviews

TENEBRAE

(1982, Italy) Starring John Saxon, Anthony Franciosa, Christian Borromeo, Mirella D'Angelo, and Veronica Lario. Directed by Dario Argento. Screenplay by Dario Argento and George Kemp. Story by Dario Argento. Assistant Director, Lamberto Bava and Michele Soavi. 161 min. U.S. title: UNSANE.

Argento's latest thriller (like his previous work INFERNO, unreleased in the U.S.) is yet another visual treat with a somewhat hackneyed pseudo Hitchcock/De Palma plot. More blood flows from beautiful women than in any of his prior efforts, yet one is numbed into insensitivity because the characters, male and female, are mere ciphers who never are allowed to develop individual traits which would allow the audience to feel or share sympathy/empathy with them.

Anthony Franciosa and John Saxon are, if anything, even more wooden actors than the female leads. Franciosa, who portrays a deranged novelist, visits Rome to hype his latest book, a thriller titled TENEBRAE (Italian for 'nightmare'). Upon his arrival, killings begin which are carbon copies of the ones he has written about in his novel.

As the convoluted plot progresses, it turns out that a perverted journalist named Bruni (John Steiner, an actor who has appeared in numerous recent vintage Italian zombie/cannibal films) has been the killer. Yet even after

he has been axed to death, the killings continue.

The murders have been continued by writer Franciosa, who had a double motive for hating women. He had been humiliated by a young girl when he was a teenager and his fiancée had been having an affair with his agent (John Saxon). Saxon and the fiancée both bite the dust before Franciosa is dispatched by being skewered on a steel sculpture of one of his own female assistants who was attempting to kill.

Killings in TENEBRAE are graphic and filmed with loving care by Argento and his cameraman Luciano Tovoli. Characters, mostly women, appear briefly only to be slaughtered by one of the two killers. The poster art for TENEBRAE accurately summarizes the film with depiction of the upper torso of a nude woman with her throat slashed.

Music for TENEBRAE by Simonetti, Pignatelli and Morante is not up to past scores for his films by Goblin and Ennio Morricone. The three are all ex-members of Goblin, but unlike the scores for SUSPIRIA and DEEP RED, their music distracts from rather than enhancing the film's sense of building suspense.

Argento appears in danger of becoming a latter day Mario Bava at his worst. Bava's lesser works had become visual set-pieces devoid and empty of content. Argento's have

only added contemporary gore killings and more masterful soundtracks to the old refrain. Is a piece of irony. Lamberto Bava was Argento's assistant director on *TENEBRAE*.

Gary Williams

BLOODY MOON

Starring Olivia Pascal, Christopher Mossbrugger, Nadja Gerigano. Directed by Jesus Franco.

Very slow paced Franco horror-mystery melodrama produced in West Germany, but seemingly lensed in Spain. A killer with a disfigured face is released from prison and returns home from an asylum to live with his sister and aunt. The aunt suspects that the sister is actually plotting grim deeds against her, so she changes her will to favor the disfigured brother. After much gratuitous nudity and a few killings, the brother and sister — aunt and the boyfriend are all killed off by one another.

The title *BLOODY MOON* seems to derive from a couple of scenes where Nadja Gerigano playing Manuela, the sister, sits nude in her room staring at the moon. Make-up on the disfigured brother is bottom of the barrel as is all of the acting. The convoluted plot resembles an old Edgar Wallace mystery more than anything else. A tennis play is a red herring character who skulks around so obviously that one just knows he can't be the villain.

One plus is that the film is elegantly shot on beautiful location scenery in what appear to be the Spanish countryside. All the murders are of bosomy young ladies except for the villainess' lover. Touches of incest pop up from time to time between the brother sister combo. All in all, a very labored and tedious

exercise in boredom. Even with the sex and violence one's mind begins to wander about ten minutes into this effort. Franco lately has directed a couple of "living-dead-zombie" films in Spain. They are undoubtedly much more interesting than this film, which was probably shot under contract for a West German distributor.

Gary Williams

A TASTE OF SIN

(New West) Starring Suzanna Love and Robert Walker. Written, produced, and directed by Ulli Lommel. Music by Joel Goldsmith.

While Ulli Lommel's *THE DEVONVILLE TERROR* was having a very limited New York bow last December, yet another New Lommel film featuring *DEVONVILLE* leads Suzanna Love and Robert Walker opened for a three-day stint at a local drive-in. I kind of liked *A TASTE OF SIN* myself, but feel obligated to point out that those expecting a new batch of quirky, novelty death scenes as in *DEVONVILLE*, *THE BOOGEYMAN*, and *BOOGEYMAN II* may be disappointed.

As its sex-tease poster suggests, *A TASTE OF SIN* is more of a skin pic with horror undertones than vice versa, but the biggest letdown is that the picture's only explicit violence is carbon-copied from *BOOGEYMAN II*, as Walker gets an electric toothbrush shoved down his throat and out the back of his neck. Considering that 'two' Lommel films have now dispatched characters with this method, can we safely say that Mr. Lommel has an oral hygiene fetish?

Another Lommel trend carried on in *TASTE*

OF SIN is the director's policy of a new haircolor for wife Suzanna in every picture. She had long brunette hair in the *BOOGEYMAN* films, short red hair in *DEVONVILLE*, and stars here as a schizophrenic nutcase who alternates between a blond streetwalker look and a less stringy variation of her *BOOGEYMAN* hairstyle. Love's masquerade works so well in *A TASTE OF SIN*, though, that I wasn't immediately sure that she was playing both characters (or, then again, maybe my windshield just needed cleaning).

The pic opens in London where Suzanna's character, as a little girl, watches an S&M freak kill her hooker mom. Years later she marries a sadistic welder who prefers sodomy to straight sex. Deciding that marriage has become a pain in the ass (sorry, I couldn't resist that), Suzanna dresses up like a proper English harlot and starts hanging around her mom's old beat. And with the first guy she picks up, Suzanna recreates her mother's death — only with her customer on the receiving end.

Later on she meets Walker, an American architect who's in town to restore a local bridge. When they go to his place and he goes down on her, Suzanna knows right away this beats her old man's rear entry technique. But if she'd been paying attention during her other movies, she'd have guessed that things would go bad by the next reel change. Sure enough, her husband catches on to 'em and gets in a fight with Walker on top of the bridge he's been working on. Walker pushes him off the edge, then Suzanna freaks out and dashes off.

Lommel jumps ahead five years at this point and we see Walker working in Arizona, where he meets a dark-haired girl who reminds him of Suzanna ('cause it 'is' her), and the rest of the movie takes it from there. But — like I said — *A TASTE OF SIN* only marginally qualifies as horror fare — it's really more of a psychological suspense film with record portions of Love's anatomy on view along the way. It's all very well made and so on, but don't go expecting another Lommel bloodbath.

Donald Farmer

THE BEING

Starring Martin Landau, Rath Buzzi, Marianne Gordon Rogers, and Dorothy Malone. Directed by Jackie Kong. Produced by Bill Osco.

Producer Bill Osco made his name in the 70's as the guy calling the shots behind *FLESH GORDON*, *CHEERLEADER'S WILD WEEKEND*, and the X-rated *ALICE IN WONDERLAND*. And while those films didn't have a lot to draw the gore trade, Mr. Osco is apparently trying to correct that oversight with his latest, *THE BEING*. But frankly, if Bill is planning any more like this one, I kinda wish he'd get back in the skin biz post haste.

It's bad enough that *THE BEING* stars Martin Landau, but Osco scraps the bottom of the barrel by throwing in *LAUGH-IN* has-been

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Ruth Buzzi for good measure (did I say good?) Kenny Rogers fans may wish to see THE BEING for the screen acting debut of his wife, Marianne Gordon Rogers, but the less said about her talents the better. And if you think Kenny knows his wife is working with a producer who's been described (in the book SINEMA) as "The boy king of L.A. porno."

For those who care, THE BEING is another ALIEN variation, and the constant close-ups of long extraterrestrial jaws gushing with space drool should give Ridley Scott grounds to sue. The pic also has the corniest theatrical trailer of the year as the announcer screams in mock panic, "...THE BEING... THE BEING... THE BEEEEING!!!"

Of course, if I had to do promos for a Ruth Buzzi movie, I guess I'd scream too.

D.F.

FALL BREAK By TIM FERRANTE

(Advance screening at Movielab, New York City. Please note that this article reveals vital plot details and the climax of FALL BREAK. Those who haven't seen the film may wish to postpone reading it. D.F.)

Pre-screening a motion picture before it even has a distributor is always fun. You feel as though you're one of the chosen few worthy of viewing it. I think perhaps in a filmmaker's mind he'd be willing to show his unreleased work to ANYONE willing to watch it! "Please... make me a sweet deal and get this baby into the theatres!" I can relate to writer/producer/director Buddy Cooper's enthusiasm about his new film, FALL BREAK. He has here a polished production that obviously was not churned out over a weekend. There was money spent and every dime shows.

Briefly, FALL BREAK is a stalker and slasher picture with a unique twist. A father is seeking revenge on his son, Ed, who at a tender age accidentally killed Mom. Dad allows years to pass before he sets a perverse scheme into effect. Under the pretense of winterizing his summer condo, Dad invites Ed and five college friends out to the place on a secluded beach. Dad isn't going to be there so the six have the run of the joint. However! Mind-blown Dad has secretly hidden himself in the garage awaiting the opportunity to hunt his victims. He's saving Ed for last...!

FALL BREAK has a great deal of specialties going for it that lifts it above the usual sfs fare. It's opening sequence of young Ed (Trace Cooper) cleaning one of Dad's hunting rifles for a birthday gift is tremendously chilling. From the moment the first frame hits, you get an ill-at-ease feeling. This is primarily due to the effective use of "The Birthday Song" as underscore combining with the keen direction of Buddy Cooper and director of photography Peter Schnall as the camera tracks and spies on the inevitable murder about to occur. When Ed aims the rifle at a door that Mom happens to be directly behind, he pulls the trigger and Mom's back is scattered about the kitchen. Dad's sudden arrival further makes this scene disturbing as there is essen-

tially no dialog here. The sequence moves quickly... yet slowly enough for it to sufficiently curdle your bone marrow!

As the main story unfolds, Cooper has plenty of tricks he wants to pull on us before the finale takes place. The first murder is quite mild when Dad (Jack Chatham) cleverly drowns Linda (Francis Ralnes) when her dimwitted boyfriend Mike (Moore Lamplay) is swimming in the same pool at the same time!! Some well assembled editing work by Stephen Mack (assisted by Hughes Winborne and Ed Ferrell) gives this scene perfect credence. The drowning is viewed in eerie slow motion making an already effective sequence better. Mike can't seem to find Linda and follows a trail of her clothing back to the garage. Dad is there and greets Mike with a buzzing outboard motor into the chest. Mark Shostrom, Anthony Showe, and Ed Ferrell's gore effects are well debated here. The blood flows freely as Mike's torso is engraved like a street map of New York City. Mike and Linda's corpse's are then placed in a small room as Dad begins his grisly "trophy" collection!

Next victim is a deputy sheriff (Ben Moore, one of the stars of H.G. Lewis' TWO THOUSAND MANIACS) whose face is stabbed through with a machete. Adding insult to injury, Dad uses his favorite weapon, a battle-axe, and decapitates the officer! A cute sequence during some of the mayhem is when Ralph (Bill Hitchcock) is coaxed into looking for the now butchered Mike and Linda. His girlfriend Sue (Connie Rogers) promises him some sex when he returns from the search. This ignites Ralph into a super-speed dressing routine accomplished through fast projecting of the image. It's an enormously well-placed sequence that merely reminds us that we're here to have fun watching this picture... nothing is to be taken seriously. Ralph should have complained of a headache instead of looking for his friends... Dad shoves a pitch fork through his neck adding another trophy to the collection! So, this leaves us with Sue, Ed (Matt Miller) and his girlfriend Pam (Ruth Martinez).

Heathily-chested Sue looks for Ralph and winds up in the garage. This is where FALL BREAK really gets nasty! Dad forces her onto a workbench, takes a mean looking gaff and slides it underneath her back. He viciously tilts it upward and the point pierces through her abdomen. Without question, this is one of the picture's sickest scenes. SURE TO PLEASE GORE EFFECTS BOUNDS! I must make special mention of Michael Minard's scoring expertise. His music during this shocking sequence is perfect. And listen for Dad's "Stalking" music cue. It's a two-note heart-pounder that's sure to make your socks go up and down like window shades!

If by this time FALL BREAK hasn't given you your money's worth (which I doubt), I defy one and all to remain calm during the final reel. When Ed and Pam confront Dad and discover his "trophy" room, it's roller-coaster time. Ed is tied up but Pam manages to stab Dad. Ed, having been wounded in the

leg, and Pam escape to their convertible believing Dad to be dead. WRONG!! The battle-axe blade punctures through the car roof and Ed is grabbed by the throat. A quick-thinking Pam sears Dad's hand with the cigarette lighter and he falls backwards to the rear of the car. The police arrive but Pam has one more surprise for Dad... she jams the car into reverse and as he holds on, rams it into a concrete wall splitting him in two! A cop rushes over to Dad's upper half and he swings the battle-axe and chops off one of the officer's legs in a last moment of triumph. The accompanying maniacal laugh is as hair-raising as is this horrific scene. Ed and Pam are hospitalized where the two comfort one another as they face the healing of the trauma together.

Jack Chatham as the vengeful psycho is wonderful. There is little doubt he loved every minute of it. The rest of the cast perform beautifully and I do get the feeling that during the filming, everyone had a blast. Amid all the terror and suspense, it's still felt as though they're smiling at us... knowing that the picture is the bait and we're swallowing it whole. When a movie can spark that unique sensation, it has accomplished it's goal twice over.

The technical credits on this entire production are exceptional. Buddy Cooper and company have a tight movie that's sure to kick the boxoffice in the ass and make it crack backs. Word of mouth will be strong advertisement and with the proper handling FALL BREAK will certainly be regarded as one of the genre's top ten.

FALL BREAK... It'll make you wish you stayed at school!!

THE PIT

(Annulet) Along with New World's CHILDREN OF THE CORN, here's another entry in the "killer kiddies" subgenre. Made in 1981 and originally announced as TEDDY, THE PIT involves a precocious 12-year old with a mind on the level of Pee Wee Herman's but with glands more like Larry Flynt's. Even though he still sleeps with his ragged teddy bear, the kid also gets off on spying while his baby sister's in the shower or in similar states of undress. But the real hook is that he's struck up a friendship with a pack of feral, carnivorous trolls who live in a sinkhole in the woods, and pretty soon "Teddy" is whispering to him how little trolls need to be fed!

To his credit, the kid tries pacifying them with ground beef and such till his money runs out. Then there's no alternative but to lure some "nasty people" out in the woods and use 'em for troll entrees.

Garwise, THE PIT is virtually bloodless for the first hour, but the final 30 minutes has some occasionally interesting scenes as the trolls chow down on the baby sister and a few walk-on characters. And the trolls' costumes are surprisingly well done for such a low-rent production... they all look just as convincing as these cutesy little Ewoks from RETURN OF THE JEDI. THE PIT certainly has its awkward moments... some of the performances give new meaning to the term 'stiff,' while

the musical score is probably the worst in recent memory—but it still manages to be an enjoyable little production.

Or maybe it's just that I have a soft spot for warped kids.

D.F.

REVENGE OF THE ZOMBIES

(World Northal) After reading and hearing so much about this World Northal pick-up long "after" it was released...lo and behold! The ever-amazing Anco Theatre on 42nd Street presented this epic as second fiddle to THE INVINCIBLE ONE, yet another kung-fu opus.

REVENGE OF THE ZOMBIES Indeed stands alone. It stuffs ten pounds of shit into a five pound bag...you name the exploitive angle to sell a movie and ROTZ will deliver it. All you have to do is overlook the fact that it's miserably dubbed (although mildly superior to some imports), has wooden actors and average gore effects. It's useless to mention cast and crew as no one is even remotely recognizable.

A doctor fears that Black Magic has infiltrated his hospital and summons four associates to help him break the evil spell. Margaret is the evil magician's first victim. He poses as a florist and delivers roses to her. Pricking her finger on a thorn, the magician wipes the wound with his hanky. He casts a spell on her using the blood sample and Margaret becomes zombie slave number 1. There are some wonderful voodoo-styled rituals

here. For example, in order for the evil magician to retain his youth over the centuries he must drink human milk! Margaret is impregnated by him and almost immediately produces mother's milk for our villain. Some abysmal scripting when the others discover that Margaret has disappeared from her room during the night. As one proclaims, "Margaret's gone!" another chimes in, "Let's look for her!" Jee-sus! Margaret is found wandering about the garden in a dazed state and comes to a near-full term pregnancy by morning. She gives birth to a horribly mutilated fetus. Brief but lurid scene.

Interesting methods used by the evil magician are long nails driven through the top of the skull to reanimate his zombie slaves which also restores their youth. A grisly scene involves a horny patron of the magician who pays \$5000.00 to cast a love spell on a disco dancer. Just so happens that the dancer is a zombie under a spell! When the horny Mr. Chang is finally in the sack with her, a necklace he's wearing bares an insignia that breaks the spell. Our gorgeous dancer begins to deteriorate as Chang humps away with his face buried in a pillow. Brother, was he in for a surprise when he lifted his head! It's definitely one of ROTZ's best moments.

Upshot is our doctor hero being aided by a good magician who pulls out his own eyes and instructs the doctor to eat them so he can

"see" all the evil at the bad magician's home in order to save his friends...who by this time are all under spells! A sutter Chinese fire drill mayhem when the house catches fire and all the zombies are bumping about trying to capture the doctor and pals. They do a bad job of it and the evil magician is finally destroyed with only two of our heroes surviving.

ROTZ can't be totally dismissed as "just another import." Simply too much good stuff to have fun watching. Try to ignore the crummy acting, photography, dubbing and awful music. Then again, isn't this why we go to see movies like this?!!

Tim Ferrante

PIECES

PIECES is one grisly little film. A chainsaw-wielding madman bisects, amputates, and decapitates nubile young co-eds. A Wally Cleaver-like nerd has his masculinity graphically clawed off by a corpse. And—worst of all—Linda Day tries to act

The film opens with a flashback. In 1942 a Boston single mother discovers her adolescent son putting together a puzzle of a naked woman. The mother flies into a rage and smashes the puzzle on the floor. Understandably upset by this intrusion into his privacy, the boy kills his mother with a pick, then cuts her body into pieces with a handsaw (Get it? The puzzle was disassembled, so mom is too). The cops arrive, but the kid isn't rushed off to a looney bin, like in HALLOWEEN and so many other flashbacks. This homicidal little brat lies his way out of it.

Forty years later the kid is the president of a small New England college (stranger things have happened). He never has recovered from the trauma of the broken puzzle, and somehow reaches the conclusion that the only way to rid himself of the memory is to put together a human "puzzle" composed of body parts from his comely co-eds. With his trusty chainsaw he "borrows" a head from one girl, a torso from another, a pair of arms from a third, and so on, until he has sewn together an entire composite corpse with everything but feet. He is about to remove a pair from Day when his fun is ended by a bullet in the head.

The gore scenes in **PIECES** are fairly

explicit. While most of the actual dismemberment is done off camera, the gory results are always exhibited. In the most gruesome scene, a bare-breasted nymphet is swimming alone in the college pool when the madman captures her in a cleaning net. She is stabbed to death with a carving knife, then the chainsaw starts buzzing. Next day her head, arms, legs, and torso are found neatly stacked in a pile by the swimming pool (when detective Christopher George mentions that "parts were taken," one can only surmise that the madman made off with those big 38's).

Another scene in **PIECES** has to be a cinematic first. A girl clad only in panties is cornered in the shower by the madman. Before getting chainsawed in half, the terrified co-ed wets her undies!

"Absolutely no one under 17 admitted to this performance," warn the newspaper ads to **PIECES**. Younger readers of *The Spatter* might can ignore this bit of hype. Except for a 33-year old reviewer and an incongruous pair of old ladies, no one in the audience where I saw **PIECES** had yet reached the magic age. Maybe it's time to revive the "unformed guard on presence" gimmick of POOR WHITE TRASH fame!

Roger Berrtan

THE POWER

(Film Ventures) Starring Susan Stokely, Warren Lincoln, and Lisa Erickson. Screenplay by Stephen Carpenter and Jeffrey Obrow. Music by Chris Young. Produced by Jeffrey Obrow. Directed by Jeffrey Obrow and Stephen Carpenter.

THE POWER is certainly a step up for the team of Jeffrey Obrow and Stephen Carpenter after **THE DORM THAT DRIPPED BLOOD** (a.k.a. **FRANKS**), but it's still fairly inconsequential compared to most of the better genre things out this year. Obrow's performers are more interesting this time around, production values are up a notch or two, and the make-up effects are mostly impressive (except for a sloppily done mutated faced in the epilogue).

But **THE POWER** is also too mainstream oriented, without any of the quirkiness a low-budget film needs to stand on its own. Around this time next year, it's doubtful this one will be lingering in many folks' memories.

(By the way, why is Obrow's name listed as Jeffrey in all the credits except at the beginning, where it's "A Jeff Obrow Production?")

D.F.

THOR, THE CONQUEROR

Maybe there 'will' be another film released this year with even less entertainment value than **THOR, THE CONQUEROR**, but I kind of doubt it. If director Anthony Richmond was consciously trying to reach the nadir of the sword 'n' sorcery genre, then the guy's done a helluva job. All the same, I hope I never stumble across another pic with more clumsily staged fight scenes, aimless direction, or lolo-timized characters than those in **THOR**.



I'm fairly tolerant as far as bad horror fare goes — I even made it through **THE LOCH NESS HORROR** without stomping out of the theatre — but my patience doesn't extend to these muscleboy things — which explains why I was dashing for the exit about 45 minutes into **THOR**. For a more thorough review, good luck finding someone who'll admit sitting through this shit.

D.F.

SLEEPAWAY CAMP

With a couple of months to spare till the opening of **FRIDAY THE 13th — THE FINAL CHAPTER**, **SLEEPAWAY CAMP** hit town in February and proved itself to be way ahead of 13th's parts I through III and better than most of the other "teens in peril" pix as well. There's some graphic (but stationary) make-up work from Ed French, yet **SLEEPAWAY CAMP** especially deserves credit for having the year's most "surprising" surprise ending and for filling its summer camp with kids who talk like real teenagers (at least the ones I went to school with). Listening to all those kids rattling off strings of obscenities had me feeling nostalgic for my own school days — that's something **FRIDAY THE 13th** never did. And **SLEEPAWAY CAMP** has some of the year's most eccentric co-stars — there's an off-center mom who can't hold a conversation without talking to herself, a slob cafeteria hand who likes young stuff, and two best friend/bitch girls who love humiliating the camp's shy newcomer. Also, the film's musical score was mixed just down the road from **The Splatter Times** at Bullet Studios in Nashville, so it's nice that Tennessee had a hand in this fine slash effort.

D.F.

FACES OF DEATH

Want to take a real-life, nerve-splintering plunge into gore? You are hereby notified to attend a viewing (or rent a video cassette) of **FACES OF DEATH**! What makes **FOD** so special is the slap-in-the-face explicitness of authentic footage of murders, slaughter houses, executions, disaster victims and autopsies all tacked together for 100 minutes of **REAL** gore.

No, **FOD** is not designed to satisfy the mainstream horror crowd, although I'm certain the producers were aiming to attract us to the boxoffice as well. It's a documentary-styled examination of death: death of all kinds — insect, animal and human. Whether it's deliberate or accidental, **FOD** attempts and succeeds to fulfill the morbid fascination of dying. It is 96 percent live footage with brief cutaways to the narrator and writer, Dr. Francis Gross (apocryphal). He is the only thing in this picture that is faked, an actor stands in for Dr. Gross for the camera and voice-overs the dialog. Aside from that, it's all disgustingly 'real.'

I find it very difficult to be critical of this film since it presents something that exists. However, the fact it is being exploited does

cause my blood to boil a bit. I'm stuck in the middle for a clear cut opinion. Your attitude towards **FOD** could sway pro or con.

If you've ever wondered how animals are slaughtered and carved, this film will take you from cattleyard to dinner table. Perhaps your imagination has asked what it is like to die in the electric chair or gas chamber. **FOD** will bring you there in gruesome detail. It is NOT pretty. Or maybe an autopsy holds an interest. Be forewarned that you'll be subjected to actual footage of cadavers being sliced, buzz-sawed and dismembered when you view **FOD**!

The only segment I found totally abhorrent dealt with a San Francisco-based cult who believes that eating raw human entrails will grant eternal life. Dr. Gross was permitted to film a ritual where the cult leaders sliced open a corpse and removed one of the organs. He then took a bite of it and passed it among the congregation for consumption. They then proceeded to bathe themselves in the corpse's blood and engage in an orgy before the camera were instructed to stop. As Dr. Gross observed, "I knew I was dealing with maniacs..." How about mentally deranged cannibals, Doc?!! Had this portion not been included, I might have had a smidgen more respect for what **FOD** was accomplishing.

Other graphic displays of death included a park ranger being chewed up by an alligator, a grizzly bear mauling a very stupid tourist who tried filming the creature while tossing it bread scraps, and "picking up the pieces" police footage of airline crashes, car accidents and train wrecks.

It can be argued that **FOD** is the ultimate gore film or a fascinating excursion into life's final bow. It will be your own perception of our existence that will decide. Either way, **FOD** "will" move you... if you've the stomach to sit through it completely. It'll be a while before I master the strength to view the sequel, **FOD II**, which is now undergoing release.

I'd like to think that the filmmaker's desire in assembling **FOD** was purely to enlighten and inform society of a realm we so rarely discuss. If this was the case, they have succeeded all too well. Yet I also can envision a twisted exploitationeer screening miles of bloodsoaked footage. Using the serious subject of death as a focal point, he slips 'em all together and releases a "wolf in sheep's clothing" waiting for the rental checks to pile up on his desk. I hope I'm wrong.

Tim Ferrante

MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY

(Aquarius Releasing) It must have been "Umberto Lenzi Week" on 42nd Street in New York City. **MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY** was playing directly across the street from Lenzi's **CITY OF THE WALKING DEAD**. What a luxury to have a choice between two shockers by this occasionally brilliant director. (Past Lenzi films include **EYEBALL** and **SPASMO**. D.F.)



FACES OF DEATH

MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY is Terry Levine's retelling of a 1980 Italian production, **CANNIBAL FERROX**. Opening credit reveals a disclaimer, cautioning the viewer: "This film contains at least two dozen graphic depictions of violence." I didn't sit and count 'em, far be it from me to dispute their warning. However, **MTDS** is violent, and at several times, sickening.

Lenzi's story and screenplay involves Gloria Davis, her brother Rudy, and tag-along friend Patricia, trekking into the remotest jungles of South America. Gloria's in search of an obscure village which practices cannibalism, something she considers a legend, and is out to prove this as a basis for her doctoral thesis. Parallel plot involves heroin dealer Mike Logan and his cohort Joe searching for emeralds in the same jungle. They're hiding out after stealing \$100,000 from another dealer in New York City. In order to press ahead to the gore descriptions and overall technical criticisms, I'll belay the predictable intricacies of the story. The upshot is that the cannibal tribe, called Indios, capture all involved here.

Brother Rudy, during an escape attempt, cuts open his leg and proceeds to conceal himself in a small pond full of piranhas! As he pulls himself ashore, our trusty Indios blow-dart him into oblivion.

Logan's pal Joe succumbs to fever and cannibal inflicted wounds. He is promptly dismembered by the Indios who feast on his raw entrails. Incredibly realistic gore scene here.

Friend Patricia is given the "Richard Harris" treatment. They strip her shirt off and stab enormous hooks into her breasts. She is then hung up by the hooks and left to die... slowly, I presume! In full camera view the hooks are shoved into her breasts and the sound effects guy adds the appropriate squishing noises as the blood generously spurts out.

Earlier in the film, Logan had terrorized the cannibals so he is deserving of the cruellest tortures. Initially, in one of **MTDS**'s most lurid scenes, Logan is strapped to a pole. An Indio, grabbing Logan's penis, lops it off with a

machete and displays it to the tribe. . . then devours it! Well, bon appetit! But that ain't all folks! They heat up the machete and burn the pecker stub to prevent bleeding. And. . . ! Later on, Logan is held down against a log and his right hand is chopped off in another gore sequence too real for comfort. Ready for more? Pecker-less and hand-less, Logan is transported to a clearing where his head is then wedged from underneath a wooden table with only the top of his skull exposed up through a hole sawed out of the top of the table. Our machete-wielding Indio swipes at the exposed portion of the skull and cleanly removes it. . . a la the zombie in DAWN OF THE DEAD who learned about helicopter blades the hard way. The Indio then reaches into the skull cavity, plucks out a mittful of brain tissue and devours it raw.

During all this special effects mayhem, scenes of actual animal disembowelment are interspersed. . . Gloria is finally rescued, through the help of a sympathetic Indio, and she returns to New York and receives her doctorate.

Apparently, Lenzi's story inspiration came from the like MAN FROM DEEP RIVER (a.k.a. SACRIFICE). The direction of this 91 minutes of gruel is lackluster and Lenzi's ever present use of the zoom lens causes this. (Other Lenzi goodies where you can have your eyeballs yanked in and out are ALMOST HUMAN, a retelling of an Italian cop flick called MILANO ODI: LA POLIZIA NON PUO' SPARARE, BATTLE OF THE COMMANDOS and GO FOR BROKE). It's a fact that zooms can save time on having to separately shoot reaction shots and close-ups, so one can commend Lenzi for his money-saving style. At least he didn't waste it trying to make crud like MTDS 'appear' better than it ever could.

Musical score is credited to Rudy Magliore and is largely electronic. It's above average for this sort of picture and works very nicely with the visuals while still being listenable on its own. Only one cue was annoying. Each time the locale switched back to New York, a ridiculous "NYCTHEME" abused your ears.

Actor portraying Mike Logan (not sure who, credits did not match characters with actors) is wonderfully vicious. Ya really hate the son-of-a-bitch! His performance shines.

Print viewed was obviously well run and indicates this import has played regionally around the country. And who knows what title it had then? MTDS is sick, brutal, and violent! Don't miss it!!

Tim Ferrante

7 DOORS OF DEATH

(Aquarius Releasing) A review of 7 DOORS OF DEATH could be slanted in every possible way. It's not good to some, it's great to others, and a few might find it masterful. Knowing little more than TDD is a U.S. filmed Lucio Fulci scarer, I expected a bit of the bizarre, wonderment and disgust this director has passed along in recent years. It comes across

as peering into a nightmare becoming reality becoming nightmare again. Keeping this filmic approach in mind, you'll have minor difficulty appreciating the story's intent.

Pic opens in tint-tinted flashback. Year is 1927; Louisiana. A band of townspeople have entered the 7 Doors Hotel baring chains, torches and the like. Tucked away in room number 36 is an artist named Spike, putting the finishing touches on a peculiar painting. The townspeople break in and, in typical Fulci style, beat the living daylight out of Spike. Screaming his warning that the hotel is constructed on one of the seven doorways to evil (hell), Spike is crucified in the basement.

The credits roll and we return to same locale in the present where inheritor Liza (Katherine McCall) is milling about the hotel grounds with a building designer. She's purchased the dilapidated place and is supervising it's repair. When a housepainter falls to his death from atop a scaffold, the fun begins!

As early as the flashback, it's evident that TDD is beautifully photographed. Each camera set-up evokes the tone of all that will transpire. The eeriness and supernatural aura are cleverly transformed into each and every frame.

With the basement flooded, Liza summons a plumber named Joe who is directed to the leak by Liza and housekeeper Martha. Joe shoulda passed this job by 'cause when he chops away some rotten foundation, a hands pops out of the hole and pinches his eyes out!

When an attractive, but blind, Emily halts Liza driving on a bridge, she returns to her home with Liza and warns that the hotel is evil and it must be given up. Meanwhile, Martha discovers Joe's body and Spike's long forgotten corpse floats to the surface of the flooded basement.

Liza's confidant, Dr. John McKay (David Warbeck), finds some of these occurrences too outrageous to believe. TDD progresses speedily along with much cross-cutting that could stretch this review into a novelistic. To quicken our pace here, Liza soon discovers that Emily does not exist; that the house she and Emily spoke in has been abandoned for 75 years! Martha is eliminated by Joe's corpse in the fashion of Paul Smith in MIDNIGHT EXPRESS. The designer discovers a diagram of the hotel's basement to find that it is a myriad of rooms. This just isn't knowledge for the living and said designer is attacked by tarantulas.

When Liza and John are finally convinced that all that's happened is not a ruse by William Castle, they flee the hotel in one of TDD's most chilling scenes. It is night and in a wide shot of the hotel, they jump in a car and speed off. As they depart, lights suddenly click on in different rooms of the "empty" hotel and human silhouettes move about in front of the windows. A very disturbing effect that works beautifully.

Final sequences are gorgeously violent. John and Liza hole up in the hospital where he's employed only to be greeted by Spike and

his crew of walking dead corpses that were laid out in the autopsy room. Scene plays similarly to just about any out of DAWN OF THE DEAD or ZOMBIE as ghouls maul wits with bullets. There is a viciously filmed scene where John fires his pistol at a child zombie and the slug tears away half her face.

Our duo finally escape to the cellar. When they reach the bottom of the stairs, they're suddenly back at the 7 Doors Hotel in it's basement! Completely confused, John and Liza stop through a foggy portal and embark on their one-way trip into purgatory as the scene match-dissolves into Spike's painting from the beginning of the film.

The set and opticals used for Hell are very effective with bodies strewn about a murky and foreboding landscape. . . not the fire and brimstone you'd expect.

After the disappointing GATES OF HELL, Lucio Fulci (anglicized here to 'Louis Fuller') has regained this writers' respect. Running a tight 81 minutes, TDD at the very least will keep you watching. . . if only to satisfy your curiosity as to the meaning of it all after your initial confusion! Music by Ira and Mitch Yuspeh is not quite as forceful as Fabio Frizzi's in the Italian version. Exactly why Frizzi's music was replaced I cannot understand. It is far superior in this instance.

Louisiana locations were perfect for the telling of this tale. Watch for the sequence shot on the 34 mile causeway outside of New Orleans where Liza first meets Emily. A strange encounter in the unlikelyst of places. . .

Most surprising revelation is the fact that TDD was filmed using a Union Crew. I.A.T.S.E. (International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees) Local 771 insignia capped off the tail credit roll. I thought it unusual since productions of this type seem to sneak in and out of local jurisdictions without notification. Another interesting aside, which makes no sense to me at all, is the fact that the print I screened had the opening shot of a bright moon in the sky from another Terry Levine/Aquarius Releasing epic, DR. BUTCHER, M.D. The incredibly brief shot retained the same audio from BUTCHER and suddenly a splice out of the sky shot brings us into the TDD footage. Why this tiny clip was attached to TDD of totally without reason.

TDD is a topsy-turvy excursion into the realm of hysteria and death. With the fine production values and eye-pleasing photography, Fulci rates a strong "plus" this go-round.

Tim Ferrante

CITY OF THE WALKING DEAD

(21st Century) Even with no less than four Lucio Fulci movies receiving a U.S. release since last summer (THE GATES OF HELL, THE BLACK CAT, 7 DOORS OF DEATH, and THE HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY), that only averages out to a new Fulci frightfest every three months. To take up the slack and keep a steady stream of Italian mayhem on hand, we can thank director Umberto Lenzi,



who had two pics — CITY OF THE WALKING DEAD and MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY — open statewide in '83.

COTWD (originally titled NIGHTMARE CITY) is such a tight, fast-moving little picture, one can almost forgive the grainy photography and slapped-on make-up work from Giuseppe (NIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES) Ferrante. It also breaks with the lumbering, comatose zombie tradition by serving up hyperactive ghouls who run around firing machine guns, waving knives, and being generally disruptive.

Unfortunately, Ferrante's slipshod make-up ruins several key scenes, such as a girl's breast being torn off. Probably the best moment comes in a shot not requiring any special make-up — when some zombies break into a hospital operating room and gather for lunch around an open (but unseen) incision.

Unlike Romero and Fulci, Lenzi uses gunshot squibs sparingly throughout and saves most of them for the climax at a fairground roller coaster. There's also one of those "It's just a bad dream!" endings, but when the opening scene of the film starts all over again, an end title pops up warning "The nightmare becomes reality."

COTWD shows that Lenzi is a capable action director — sort of a poor cousin to Anthony Dawson — but with none of Argento's or Fulci's style. If he can hire a decent cinematographer and make-up artist next time, the results might be more than simply adequate.

D.F.

THE BLACK CAT

(World Northal) Even if Lucio Fulci's THE BLACK CAT doesn't emphasize gore effects as he did in GATES OF HELL and 7 DOORS OF DEATH, this is still a very welcome film combining (for the first and last time) horror vets Patrick McGee (MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH; DIE, MONSTER, DIE; ASYLUM: A CLOCKWORK ORANGE; THE MONSTER CLUB, etc.) and Minsay Farmer (FOUR FLIES ON GREY VELVET, AUTOPSY, and Marco Ferreri's reportedly bizarre BYE, BYE MONKEY). For good measure, Fulci throws in regular David Warbeck (the male

lead in 7 DOORS OF DEATH).

This filming of THE BLACK CAT bears no resemblance to the two Lugosi versions but does manage to be fairly evocative of the Roger Corman Poe series — especially with the graveyard scenes of McGee (in his last role) walking by rows of tombstones with his figure often silhouetted in the fog.

By the way, seeing THE BLACK CAT, GATES OF HELL, and 7 DOORS all in the same year has convinced me that Fulci's personal favorite film must be Dario Argento's SUSPIRIA. The bat attack scene with Ms. Farmer in TBC seems dressed closely after Jessica Harper's bat scene in SUSPIRIA, and the maggot rainstorm in GATES OF HELL appears more than similar to SUSPIRIA's maggot scene in the girl's dormitory.

But the most conspicuous example of Fulci's apparent "borrowing" from Argento is the scene in 7 DOORS where a seeing eye dog attacks its master, biting her repeatedly in the throat. Does everyone remember the almost identical scene in SUSPIRIA? The only difference is the blind victim there was a man.

In a L'Ecran Fantastique interview published last year, Argento expressed irritation at Fulci for making ZOMBIE on the heels of DAWN OF THE DEAD (titled ZOMBIE in Europe), which Argento co-produced. I'm surprised Argento didn't go on to complain how Fulci seems intent on using all his best concepts from SUSPIRIA in so many recent films.

But to Fulci's credit, even if he feels compelled to borrow so frequently from Argento, at least he borrows with style.

(Because of the frequent time lag for a U.S. release for many European films, Fulci's most recent efforts may not play here for some time. They include ROME A.D. 2072 and MURDER ROCK, kind of a FLASHANCE reworking with gore (and with music by Keith Emerson, who scored Argento's INFERNO).

D.F.

MEN WHO SAY THE TRUTH SHALL DIE

Directed by Philo Bregstein

"Men Who Say..." is part expose and part homage to Pier Paolo Pasolini, controversial film director, author, poet, artist, and critic. For the most part, it succeeds on both accounts. MEN WHO SAY... is comprised of interviews with Pasolini's friends and associates talking of their experiences with him, interlarded with scenes from his films.

The people selected for the interviews have quite different perspectives of both the man and his works, and it is very evident that their involvement was lengthy and quite personal.

Director Bernardo Bertolucci, author Alberto Moravia, actress Laura Betti, and editor Maria Antonietta Macciocchi offer the following impressions.

Bertolucci speaks of him as a friend and teacher, recalling how he first started his own career in a Pasolini film.

Moravia looks at him as an artist, peer and

long time friend, downplaying Pasolini's death at one point in the film, saying "in some sense, Pasolini provoked his own death in which violence was not to be excluded." Laura Betti spoke of Pasolini almost exclusively from the perspective of his murder, feeling that it was political in origin, saying "There was a license to kill him."

Macciocchi's perspective was from her involvement with Pasolini in the Communist Party.

The documentary describes his controversial life, including his Oedipal complex, open homosexuality, fascination with "rough trade," and the pimps and tough boys of Italy.

It also covers his avowed communism and hatred of fascism, and how his lifestyle influenced his artistic endeavors, showing clips from throughout his career, from his start as a director of ACCATONE to his last and most controversial film, SALO, an outraged statement against fascism — a true horror film.

It also has some gruesome photos of his death, with a voiceover regarding the suspected conspiracy, and the fact that only one suspect was convicted — a 37-year-old male hustler!

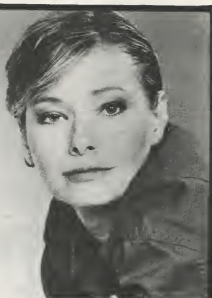
My only complaint about this otherwise excellent documentary is the too obvious symbolism of Jesus Christ carrying the cross (from THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW) at the end of the film, presenting Pasolini as a martyr, which seemed pretentious and maudlin. Nevertheless, this is a must-see film for anyone interested in Pasolini, who was certainly a major influence in Italy, and a visionary in the 20th century.

Pat Hollis





Mary Woronov



LYNN LOWRY



A FRENZY OF BLOOD!

*Haunting desires
seething in his mind
lead to a night
of ghastly
atrocities!*

*The savage revenge
of a young bride
ravaged on her
wedding night!*



Starring
JUDY HALL • GARY RICHIE • KIMMY MCKEE • JORDAN
MARLENE TUNNEY • Screenplay by WILLIAM HORTON
Directed by PAUL LEIGH
Music by PIERRE-OLIVIER GILBERT • In COLOR



Starring
JIMMY ANDERSON • MARSHALL MARTIN
ALLI LANSKY GASTRO • DEAN TILMOR
Written and Directed by VICENTE ARANDA
EASTMANCOLOR

(TOP) Two of this issue's interview subjects—
Mary Woronov and Lynn Lowry. (Lower left)
We caught John Carpenter trying his luck at

Donkey Kong during a break from filming
STAR MAN in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

COSMOPOLIS-FILMS PRESENTA
STYL WOL

**PAUL NASCHY
ROSSANA YANNI
VIC WINNER**

REGIE:
J. AGUIRRE

COLOR



DE BULTENAAR VAN HET LIJKENHUIS



